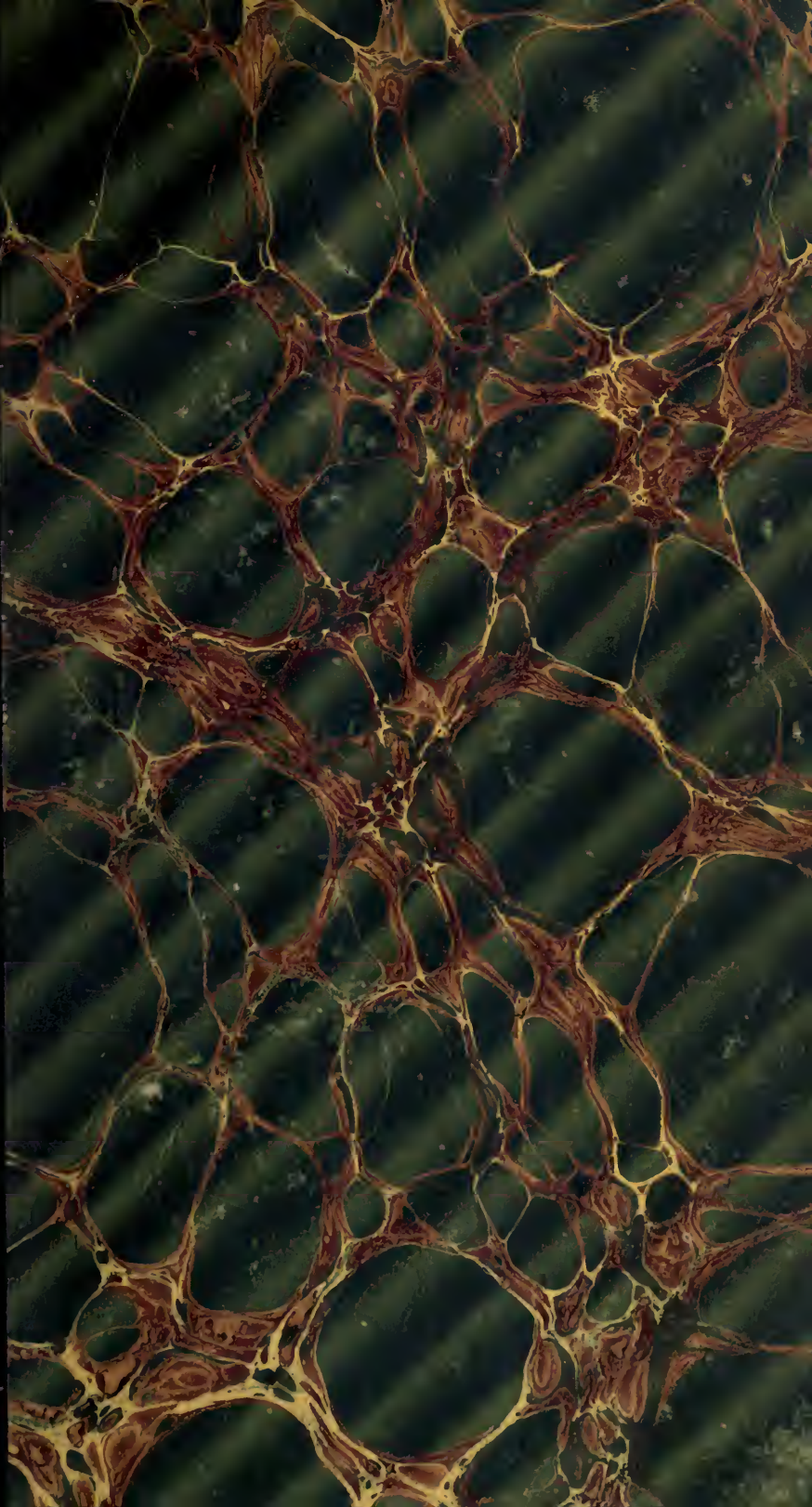


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# HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

DELIVERED ON THE

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PASTORATE

IN R I N D G E, N. H.,

NOVEMBER 14, 1861,

BY REV. A. W. BURNHAM, D. D.

WITH

ADDRESSES, &c. ON THE SAME OCCASION.

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B O S T O N :  
C R O S B Y   A N D   N I C H O L S .  
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I. VOLUNTARY.

"STRIKE THE CYMBAL."

II. INVOCATION AND READING THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. SAMUEL LEE.

III. SINGING PSALM CXXXVI.

"Give to our God immortal praise."

READ BY REV. A. P. MARVIN.

IV. PRAYER.

BY REV. ASA RAND.

V. SINGING PSALM LXXVIII.

"Let children hear the mighty deeds."

READ BY THE PASTOR.

VI. DISCOURSE.

BY REV. A. W. BURNHAM, D. D., THE PASTOR.

VII. PRAYER.

BY REV. Z. S. BARSTOW, D. D.

VIII. SINGING ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY SAMUEL BURNHAM. READ BY REV. W. L. GAYLORD.

IX. DOXOLOGY.

"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."

X. BENEDICTION.

BY REV. Z. S. BARSTOW, D. D.



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## DISCOURSE.

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“HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.”

1 Sam. vii. 12.

AT the time referred to in this passage, the Israelites, under the leadership of Samuel, were at war with their constant enemies, the Philistines. God had interposed and given them a victory, and when in pursuit of their foes they had reached a certain spot, where probably they felt sure of ultimate success, “*Samuel took a stone, and set it up between Mizpah and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*” This was done in grateful acknowledgment that it was by the help of God that they had been thus far sustained and prospered in their enterprise, and to transmit to future generations a memorial of that Divine aid by which such a victory had been achieved. The Lord had helped them, and given success up to that time.

So all serious persons, as they pass on from one stage of life's journey to another, find occasion to adopt the language of the devout leader of God's ancient people.

And thus families and communities, as they experience the aid and interpositions of God in their behalf, not unfrequently have reason to exclaim, with a full heart, "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"

And plainly this language cannot be used by any persons with greater propriety than by the Christian Pastor, and those who, for a series of years, have shared with him the duties and trials and responsibilities incident to the important relation existing between them.

And this is the interesting position occupied to-day by the First Congregational Church and Society in this place and their Pastor. Forty years ago to-day this relation was constituted in this ancient house, according to the simple, but solemn forms of Congregational usage. Then I gave myself, as I think sincerely, to this people to be their servant in the Pastoral office for Jesus' sake; to identify myself with them in all that should affect their welfare. And the labors and trials, the days of prosperity and of adversity, which have been experienced during these years, have served only to deepen this feeling in the Pastor's mind, that he and his people are one, — having but one great interest to secure, one cause to maintain, one object to accomplish, by their mutual labors.

In reviewing, then, as it is deemed proper on this interesting occasion, as briefly as practicable, our own history during the period here referred to, I doubt not this beloved Church and Society are ready to unite with the Pastor in a devout ac-

knowledge of the good hand of our God which has been upon us. "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"

I. He hath helped us in all that concerns our temporal welfare.

And here should be noted the continuance of our life. In view of our various liabilities in this respect, the sicknesses and deaths, in the midst of which we have lived, the multitude who have, in the period now contemplated, fallen around us, we must gratefully acknowledge that it is because "having obtained help of God, we continue to this day."

While we have suffered less than some other villages from sweeping epidemics, yet probably the yearly bills of mortality may have contained as large a proportion of the population as other towns in this vicinity. If I have kept an accurate record, 793 persons, of whom 174 were members of the Church, have died in this town during these forty years; a small fraction less than twenty on an average in each year. Thus nearly twice as many as usually enter this house on the Sabbath have, one after another, joined the great congregation of the dead, and sleep with their fathers in the grave. Death has thus invaded perhaps every family; in some instances scattering the members, in others, extinguishing the family, not leaving one to transmit the name to another generation. Scenes of sickness and sorrow have been always passing before us, and the doings of death in the midst of us; and

yet *we* have been preserved. God has healed our sicknesses, renewed our strength, relieved us in distress, comforted us in sorrow, had compassion on our infirmities, borne with our sins; and, while we review the past, we are bound to ascribe the continuance of life to help obtained of God.

And, by Divine aid, a reasonable degree of prosperity has attended the various occupations of the people. We inhabit a rough and uneven portion of the country, are subjected to the inconveniences of a hard, stony soil, with no water-power for large operations, and every man is obliged to earn, if not to eat, his "bread in the sweat of his face"; yet the blessing of God has attended the labors of the husbandman and the mechanic, the tradesman and every other employment in such measure, that the people have lived and thrived, and the necessities and comforts of life are abundantly enjoyed. At least, all things needful for the body are found in every house. True, many of us are obliged to work hard, to practise the wholesome virtues of diligence, economy, and self-denial; but "hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and hath given us "day by day our daily bread," and no small progress has been made in all that pertains to the real convenience and comfort of life, and great increase in some branches of business. For example, I think that forty years ago there were only two, and these old-fashioned, saw-mills in town; but, until this terrible war was forced upon us by ungodly men, for

years past, wherever you went in the town, you would see proofs of substantial prosperity. And while there has been manifest improvement in the fundamental and honorable business of agriculture, in the neat and thriving villages that in the last half of this period have sprung up, you could both see and hear convincing evidence that a lively business was done, particularly in the manufacture of wood — even your sapling pines and white birches, which forty years since you would perhaps have given to any man who would take them away — into vessels and utensils of almost every sort for domestic use.

I ought to refer to improvements made in things pertaining to every-day conveniences and comforts. For instance, in the dwelling-houses and their appendages, barns, and other erections, once rare, but now common, on the family premises.

As I pass around the town, I am impressed and gratified with the manifest change for the better in all your buildings, private and public; and as, according to the unanimous testimony of visitors, very few country congregations in New England present a better appearance, and make a better impression for good sense and intelligence when gathered for worship in this “our beautiful house,” so very few places in this rough region furnish a greater proportion of neat and comfortable houses, or houses better supplied, as I have very good reason to know, with the substantial means of good living. And corresponding evidence of progress in

the tasteful and ornamental is seen in the flowers that now adorn your gardens, yards, and windows, not to refer to the fruits of the needle and the pencil seen in so many houses,—proofs not only of diligence and skill, but of elevation of mind and refinement of taste and general manners.

In a historical discourse such as this, the cause of education and morality should not be overlooked.

In regard to the condition of common schools, the school-houses, the views and habits of the people on the subject, the qualifications of teachers, methods of instruction, the character and supply of text-books and other important provisions, the amount studied and learned, great progress and real improvement in these and other important respects is very manifest in every part of the town. Thirty-five years of actual acquaintance, in the service of the town, with the schools, may justify the speaker in a free utterance on this subject. With the exception of one school-house, that in District No. 12, which stands as a fair representative of the buildings passing under that name *twice* forty years ago, every district is now furnished with at least a comfortable school-room, most of them with houses of rare excellence. And if, passing from the condition of education in the common school to that in schools of higher grade, and to the means and actual possession of general intelligence, we examine the facts, we shall find evidence of no inconsiderable improvement.



Previous to 1821, I believe four persons, residents at the time, if not natives, of the town, had received a collegiate education ; viz. Joseph Mulliken, Edward Payson, James Walker, and Asa Rand, whose venerable presence honors this occasion ; since that period have graduated Isaac Kimball, Charles Walker, George P. Barker, Charles and George Shedd, Charles E. Blood, William C. Richards, Ira Russell, Joseph B. Brown, and Samuel Burnham. While not a few others, having obtained, if not a full public, yet a substantial education, are now, or have been, in various capacities, civil, sacred, and educational, holding positions of distinction, and doing honor to the place of their nativity, by a useful application of the training they here received. Rindge, as well as the State of which she is a rough and rocky part, has been, and still is, honorably represented by the sons and daughters she has sent abroad.

In regard to the state of *morals*, this people, staid and conservative as they are reputed to be, probably have degenerated no more than their fellow-citizens in adjacent places. In the observance of the Sabbath, reverence for other sacred institutions, honesty, integrity, and general uprightness and circumspection of deportment, this people will not probably suffer in comparison with others of the present day and generation. As to the use of intoxicating drinks, though very much is drunk, and many are going into the drunkard's grave, as many have gone before, yet to the man

who can remember the practices in this matter forty years ago, a great reformation is manifest in the views and habits of the people. At the period referred to, it was the *many* that used the article,—the *few* who abstained. Now, it is the many that abstain,—the few that drink.

A fact of general interest touching the cause of Temperance may here be stated. At the meeting of the General Association of New Hampshire in this place in 1827, at the suggestion of your Pastor, it was unanimously voted that the members should not use at their boarding-houses any intoxicating liquors. Previous to this such liquors had been present in the families where the members were entertained. From that time, it is believed, no intoxicating drink has been used or seen in any ministerial meeting in the State.

If other vices and offences have become more prevalent than in the days of the fathers, the fact is to be deeply deplored, and the guilty are called upon to put away the evil of their doings, to “cease to do evil,” and “learn to do well.” And how much soever that has been wrong a review of our history may bring to light, yet in regard to all that pertains to the subjects and interests above considered, we have occasion to adopt with grateful hearts the language of the text, “*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*”

II. The Lord hath helped us in our religious concerns.



It appears from the records, that, as early as 1760, or eight years from what has generally been considered as the permanent settlement of the town, measures were taken to secure preaching; but it is believed that the Church was organized near, if not at, the time of the ordination of the first Pastor, November, 1765. From the votes on record, it is rendered very probable that preaching was enjoyed, occasionally at least, previous to his ordination. Thus, in 1763, the record states that the town "unanimously voted to give Mr. Timothy Walker, Jr., a call to settle with them in the Gospel ministry, amongst them in said township, if he seeth fit." There is no record of his reply; but he did not "see fit" to accept the invitation. Mr. Walker is believed to be the gentleman afterward known as the Hon. Timothy Walker of Concord, a son of the first minister of that town, and for many years a Judge of the Court, and a leading man in civil affairs.

On Nov. 6, 1765, Rev. Seth Dean, from Killingly, Conn., was ordained the first Pastor, and was dismissed in September, 1780, at his own request. Rev. Seth Payson, D. D., became Pastor of this Church by ordination, Dec. 4, 1782. He was a native of Walpole, Mass., a son of the minister of that place, and had two brothers in the ministry. He had five sons and two daughters. Of these sons two became ministers, one of whom is well known as the late celebrated Rev. Edward Payson, D. D., of Portland. Dr. Seth Payson was a graduate of Har-

vard College; entered the ministry at an earlier age than was common at that time; possessed a clear, discriminating mind; had deep experience in spiritual things, and, while he prosecuted the work of the ministry with great ability and faithfulness, and secured, in a degree unusual even at that day, the confidence and veneration of the "flock over the which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer," he became one of the leading ministers of his denomination in the State in all ecclesiastical and benevolent concerns. After a life of great usefulness, he died February 26, 1820, aged sixty-two, having just entered the thirty-eighth year of his ministry.

Many anecdotes have been related of Dr. Payson, for which there is no room in a discourse of this kind; but an incident which he himself often spoke of with much satisfaction will not be out of place. While on a missionary tour in the then Province of Maine, arriving at a dwelling to which he had been directed, he overheard the good woman say to a neighbor, who had called upon her, "What shall I do? I have nothing to offer the minister but Indian cake." "Set it on," replied the neighbor; "if he is a good man, he will be satisfied; and if he is not a good man, 't is better than he deserves."

And for future reference it is proper to record, that the present Pastor, a native of Dunbarton, son of Deacon Samuel Burnham of that place, and brother of the late Rev. Dr. Burnham of Pembroke, gradu-

ated at Dartmouth College in 1815, pursued the prescribed course of study in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., left that institution in the class of 1818, and, after being employed in the Home Missionary service in this State and first principal of Pembroke Academy, was ordained the immediate successor of Rev. Dr. Payson, Pastor of this Church and religious Society, November 14, 1821.\*

The Society, with which the present Pastor became connected in 1821, was constituted in March, 1820, and is believed to be the first that was formed in this State under what was denominated the "Toleration Act" of 1819. Such an organization was, at that time, a new thing. Questions, doubts, and difficulties were felt and foreseen; but, "moved by a desire," as the founders say, "of enjoying among ourselves, and of transmitting to our posterity, the enjoyment of the benefits accruing from the public worship of God, and the ordinances of the Gospel," these "good men and true" organized the Association, known then, and ever since,

\* The clergymen who composed the Council and took part in the ordination were: Rev. Laban Ainsworth, of Jaffrey, who was Moderator, and gave the Ordaining Prayer; Rev. E. Clark, of Winchendon, Scribe; Rev. Richard Hall, of New Ipswich, Introductory Prayer; Rev. Abraham Burnham, of Pembroke, Sermon from 1 Corinthians iii. 9, "We are laborers together with God"; Rev. John Cushing, D. D., of Ashburnham, Charge; Rev. John M. Putnam, of Ashby, Mass., (only member of the Council now living,) Right Hand of Fellowship; Rev. John Sabin, of Fitzwilliam, Concluding Prayer.

by the name and style of "The First Congregational Church and Society in Rindge." Eighty-one persons, it is supposed, affixed their names to the Constitution at the organization of the Society. The first name was that of the late Ezra Thomas, the second, Samuel L. Wilder, who was its first Clerk, and who, with perhaps twenty others, of the original eighty-one, still live to enjoy the blessings flowing from an institution which they gave their names, their influence, and their property to establish and maintain.\*

For various reasons some withheld their names ; many have died, or have removed, and their estates have passed out from the Society ; and yet, formed for the high purpose of maintaining and trans-

\* The following names of the original members are taken from the Society Records :—

Ezra Thomas,	Francis Sawyer,
Samuel L. Wilder,	Charles Cutler,
Hezekiah Hubbard,	John Fox,
Eleazer Blake,	Amos Cutler, Jr.,
Ebenezer Brown,	Zenas Stone,
Eliphaz Allen,	William Kimball, Jr.,
William Barker,	Ezekiel Demary,
John Perry,	Levi Hubbard,
Andrew Calhoun,	Samuel Tarbell,
Joseph Crombie,	Abiel Holt,
Gates Rand,	Azariah Buswell,
Daniel Norcross,	Joshua Towne,
William Sherwin,	James Robbins,
Joshua Converse,	Joseph Moors,
Thomas Ingalls,	Ira Converse,
Joel Raymond,	Henry Smith, Jr.,
Salmon Stone,	Edward Waldron,
Abel Perkins, Jr.,	Asa Jones,
Josiah Coburn,	Peter Howe,

mitting the Gospel, the Society has, by Divine aid, pursued, amidst all the changes that have occurred, "the even tenor of its way," and enjoyed the blessings contemplated by its founders. And while it has secured to the members and their families the benefits accruing "from the public worship of God," it has kept open doors for all who choose to enter the house of God, whether or not they have conscience enough to aid in supporting the privileges which the Society has placed, and still keeps, within their reach.

And in this connection it may not be amiss to record a few facts bearing on the financial condition of the Society.

William Rugg,  
Joseph Page,  
Joseph Wetherbee,  
Asaph Brown,  
Ebenezer W. Brown,  
John Pritchard,  
Joshua Walker,  
Luke Rugg,  
John Lovejoy,  
David Adams,  
Nathan Johnson,  
Asa Cole,  
Jonathan Kimball,  
Josiah Stratton,  
Benjamin Hastings,  
Ephraim Hunt,  
Andrew Kimball,  
Josiah Pierce,  
John Buswell,  
Hezekiah Sawtell,  
Joshua Todd,  
William Stickney,

Aquila Kimball,  
Noah R. Cook,  
Selah Lovejoy,  
Asahel D. Shurtleff,  
Leonard Wellington,  
James Bowers,  
Aaron Brooks,  
Amos Jewett,  
Joshua Chadwick,  
David Wood,  
William T. Kimball,  
Josiah Sawtell,  
Isaac Wood,  
Amos Cutler,  
Israel Gibson,  
Amos Darling,  
Sardine Stone,  
Nehemiah Bowers,  
Isaiah Whitney,  
Quincy Parker,  
Marshall P. Wilder.

Population of the town is about 1,200.

Valuation, or taxable property of the town, \$500,000.

“ “ “ “ Society, \$160,000.

Average and present number of members, from 80 to 85, or about one third of the voters or tax-payers in the town.

But hitherto the Lord hath so helped, that the Society has promptly met every expense. In 1839, it remodelled and repaired, at an expense of \$4,000, this ancient house, built by the fathers in 1796, on a solid foundation, and of better materials than can now be obtained; and, with the assistance of the liberal and energetic women of their own families, and of some others, have rendered it, in external appearance, and in the comfort and convenience within, not only an honor to themselves, but an ornament to the place; a house which, with the chapel, well finished and furnished by the same means, is second in conveniences to very few in this vicinity.

And the members of the Society and their families bore their part in the expense and effort in the finishing and furnishing of the beautiful Town Hall, on the lower floor, and eastern portion of this house.

Some of the prominent facts relative to the meeting-houses occupied by this Church and Society, which some research has enabled me to obtain, may be concisely stated.

The first reference to a meeting-house which I find on record, is a vote passed at a meeting of the



Proprietors, February 13, 1749, that such a house should be built within five years, at their expense. In the Charter, also, which is dated at Portsmouth on the 16th of June of the same year, it is required that a meeting-house should be built within five years from that time. But in 1754, at the expiration of the time, it was voted inexpedient to build a house, on account of the hostile state of feeling manifested by the Indians, and peace with the Indians appears to have been a condition in the Charter on which their obligation in this case was binding. At subsequent meetings the proposition to build a house was rejected, although a vote to raise money for preaching was passed at two different meetings, and the house of Samuel Hodskin\* appointed as the place of worship. The vote to build a house for the public worship of God was at length passed at a meeting held at the house of Abel Platts, May 28, 1761,—the length to be fifty feet and the breadth forty feet, “the posts and all the timbers to be proportionable thereto.” Moses Hale, Abel Platts, and Jonathan Stanley composed the committee. Some time elapsed before the enterprise was commenced, for in May, 1764, I find it voted “to build a meeting-house this spring,” and a committee chosen to provide the *liquor* for the *raising*, in case the non-resident Proprietors should refuse to do it. But,

\* This house is supposed to have stood near the present residences of Jeremiah Norcross and Asa and Charles E. Stickney, but the *precise* location is not known.

as I suppose, lest what was deemed so essential to the success of the undertaking should not be secured, they voted and provided *one barrel of rum*, not for the whole work of erecting and completing, but simply for the *raising* of the house.

I find no record of the raising, completion, or dedication of the house; but in 1765 it was occupied for public worship under the stated ministrations of Rev. Seth Dean, the first pastor. This house, I have been informed by the late Ezra Thomas, Esq., who recollected the building, had no pews or galleries in 1770; and in 1779 there is a vote, and it is the last one relative to that house, to *finish* the meeting-house.

The next movement in the town regarding a place of worship is a vote of thanks to the Rev. Mr. Payson, the pastor, relative to a *new* meeting-house, for his "generous offer," and the choice of nine persons to prepare a *plan*. The "generous offer" of the pastor was, to give them a *bell* if they would build a new meeting-house within a limited period, I think three years. A new house was needed both on account of the increased population of the town, and of the inconvenience and discomforts of the existing one.

This vote of thanks was passed in 1792; but it was not until May, 1794, that a vote was obtained to build a new house; in June, to sell the old house; and September 8, 1794, to accept the plan presented for the house, by a vote of thirty-one to seventeen, the dimensions to be sixty-six by fifty-



two feet. But, as is not unfrequently the case in matters of a public nature, there was so much delay that the offer of the pastor was forfeited. This delay was occasioned, I learn, by the reluctance of pew-owners to relinquish their rights. In August, 1796, it was voted to build a steeple and to let it out at \$ 330 ; and on the 17th of October was “let out,” to use the old-fashioned phrase, the raising of this house, within whose walls we are now assembled. One or two items regarding the arrangements for *raising* the house may be mentioned,—items which at the time were considered of sufficient consequence to be voted and recorded in the Town Meeting of a respectable Christian community, and they show us the views and habits of the generation then on the stage.

It is on record that the

	£	s.	d.
Expense of Raising was . . . . .	18	0	0
“ Food . . . . .	31	4	0
“ Liquors, &c. . . . .	25	10	0
“ Lemons and Sundry Articles . . . . .	1	5	7½
Total . . . . .	75	19	7½

And four shillings and ninepence were deducted for the *rum-barrel* that was sold.

These items are not mentioned for the sake of exciting a smile, or of diminishing the respect for the men of that day, which we ought, and are willing, to render them. They were as worthy men as live now ; but they acted according to the views and spirit of their times ; while we can rejoice in

the improvements that have been made, as well in regard to the *means of raising* meeting-houses as in their form and construction.

I find no record of the dedication of this house, but am informed on good authority that the dedication occurred January 11, 1797, with a sermon by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Payson.

In October, 1799, an article was inserted in the warrant for Town Meeting, to see if the town would raise \$ 500, more or less, to purchase a bell. This, or some article to the same effect, was negatived, or passed over, for seven years in succession ; and then entire silence in the records on the subject until March, 1816, when a vote was passed to raise \$ 400, to purchase and hang a bell. Thus, according to the well-known reputation of this people for caution and moderation in the management of their pecuniary concerns, sixteen years elapsed after the first motion for a bell was made, before the people allowed themselves to be called to the house of worship by the solemn but cheering sounds that for the last forty-five years have saluted their ears as often as the light of the Sabbath has dawned upon them. Upon the Sabbath following the hanging of the bell, Dr. Payson, with his characteristic aptness in the selection of appropriate texts, preached a sermon from a passage in the eighty-ninth Psalm : "*Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.*" It may not be known to all, however, that the town, as such, was at very little expense for the bell. The ground since occu-

pied by four pews in front, on each side of the broad aisle in the room below, then in seats, was sold to individuals, and the avails were nearly, if not quite, sufficient to defray the cost of the bell.

Thus we see that the first house for religious worship in this town was built in 1764 or 1765, and on almost the same spot this house was erected in 1796, furnished with its first bell in 1816, and, with the exception of being painted in 1807 and 1827, received but few repairs until it was thoroughly remodelled in 1839, and dedicated December 25th of that year. A sermon was preached by the pastor from the text in Ezra v. 11 : “ *We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago.*”

In this connection a few words are appropriate relative to the salaries of the pastors.

The salary of Rev. Mr. Dean is not known, — Dr. Payson received two hundred pounds “settlement,” as it was called, and eighty pounds salary, — near the close of his life it was increased to five hundred dollars. The present Pastor’s salary was, at the first, \$400, with the use of the Parsonage-house and land, valued, probably, at the time of his ordination, at \$100. Doubtless the Society intended that the Pastor should receive \$500 per annum, and throughout the changes that have been experienced in these forty years, no alteration in the salary has been made. None has been asked, and none proposed.

It is due, however, to the thoughtful generosity

of the people to state, that by various gifts, especially by "Donation Visits," they have afforded great encouragement and substantial aid to the Pastor and his family.

One fact, on the subject of salary, which has already been given to the public through another channel, should here be recorded to the honor of this Society, and for an example to others holding the same relation.

The salary, which is raised by a tax on the members, in the same manner as the tax in the town is assessed, has been paid to the Pastor in *one sum*, and for twenty or more years by the same individual,\* on the *very day* specified in the contract, for *thirty-nine* years,—excepting the years when the day of payment has fallen on the Sabbath; then the money has been paid on the *preceding day*. The Pastor has nothing to do in the matter, but to receive the amount at the hands of the Treasurer and sign a receipt already prepared, and use the money; and this admirable habit, so excellent in its influence on Pastor and people, has produced such confidence, that the Pastor has felt for nearly forty years about as sure, and, notwithstanding the distress of the times, does *now* feel almost as sure, that his salary will be paid at the appointed time as that the sun will rise that day. If the people of any other country Parish in New England have treated their Pastor in this singular way, the fact has not come to my knowledge!

\* Jason B. Perry, Esq.

The tendencies and habits of this people are decidedly cautious and conservative; but they are as patriotic, and as ready to make sacrifices for the country,—as ready to embark, and, according to their ability, are as liberal, in every department of Christian benevolence, as any other people or congregation in the State.

And it is deemed proper to note in figures the amount of moneys appropriated by this Church and Society, and their families, for the support of the Gospel, and the various benevolent institutions and enterprises of the age:—

Amount of Pastor's salary, \$500 per year, forty years . . . . .	\$20,000
Remodelling and repairing Meeting-House and Parsonage . . . . .	5,550

And, knowing as I do the comparatively limited means of the people, I think it right to record the figures, showing, not the actual toil and sacrifice endured, but simply the amount that has been contributed, chiefly by the female benevolent Societies of this Church and Congregation.

The Sewing-Circle, in forty years . . . . .	\$1,500
Ladies' Bible Association, in thirty-three years . . . . .	1,000
Female Auxiliary H. M. Society, in thirty-three years . . . . .	1,000
Soldiers' Aid Society, with some help from patriotic women not belonging to this congregation, in six months . . . . .	100
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>\$3,600</b>
Male and Female contributions for home and foreign distribution, . . . . .	\$30,000

I observe, further, By divine aid you have enjoyed what you believe to be “the faith once delivered to the saints.” In other words, that system of Christian doctrine which you believe to be clearly taught in the Bible, and which was originally received and professed by this Church, has here been maintained without variation, and without the mixture or addition of novelties and speculations of man’s device, by which the light of so many Churches has been obscured, and their influence corrupted.

With us the inquiry has not been for some new scheme of doctrine, but for “the old paths,” marked out by the Word of God, and trod by the fathers; and by walking therein we have found rest.

The prominent marks of this way are, — the entire sinfulness by nature of the human heart; the necessity of a radical change, effected by the special influence of the Holy Spirit; the perfection of the Divine character and law; the supremacy and sovereignty of the Divine government in the kingdoms of nature, providence, and grace; salvation by the grace of God, through the atonement made by Jesus Christ, received by the sinner in penitence and faith; and a day of future judgment, followed by eternal retribution, awarded to each individual according to his character.

And this people have never experienced the unhappy influence on all the most important interests of the community, of a frequent change of Pastors. For, during the ninety-six years of its



existence, it has had only three,— Rev. Seth Dean, who was ordained November 6, 1765, and whose ministry of fifteen years was closed by his own request; Rev. Dr. Seth Payson, who was ordained December 4, 1782, and was Pastor thirty-seven years, and the precious fruits of whose able and faithful ministry and godly conversation remain to this day manifest proofs of the value of permanence in the pastoral relation; while the third Pastor, ordained November 14, 1821, “having obtained help of God, continues to this day.” Thus, in ninety-six years, this Church has enjoyed ninety-two and a half years of pastoral labor, seventy-seven of them by two ministers, and has been destitute of an ordained Pastor only three and a half years; and during the last forty years has been destitute of preaching probably not more than six Sabbaths.

And it is a fact worthy to be noted, that, though this Church has, of necessity, in the course of almost a hundred years, experienced difficulties and trials, yet in all this period only four times has an Ecclesiastical Council been called; and in these instances, not to “advise” in matters of difficulty, but simply to ordain three Pastors, and dismiss one of the three. Doubtless some advantages arise from an occasional change of Pastors; these, however, it is believed, are overbalanced by those flowing from the continuous ministrations of one, who, qualified for his work at the first, and identifying himself with the people, devotes himself for life to labors

for their good. In the blessings of such a ministry this people have richly shared. And in view of the numerous conflicting elements and revolutionary agencies that have been working all around us during these forty years, seriously affecting both the ministry and the churches, the measure of peace and quietness this Church has enjoyed in itself, and under an uninterrupted ministry, demands this day a devout acknowledgment of the goodness of God. And I here state as a fact, that my esteemed ministerial brother, Rev. Dr. Barstow of Keene, and myself, are the only Congregational Pastors in the State now officiating where they did, if indeed anywhere, forty years ago. And when in my youthful manhood, and with much fear and trembling, I ventured to assume the functions of the pastoral office in this place, I had not the least reference in my mind to any period, long or short; I received the people as mine, and gave myself to them in this solemn relation, their "servant for Jesus' sake"; and I have reason to believe that they responded to this dedication, and are ready to-day to unite with me in adopting the language of the Hebrew prophet, "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"

And the measure of success which has attended the present ministry is certainly to be attributed to the Divine blessing. In regard to the peculiar and saving results of the Gospel, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." "Neither is he that planteth any-



thing, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." This is the doctrine of the Bible, is confirmed by all experience, and the truth of it is felt by every true minister of Christ.

If, then, general intelligence, the cause of learning, morality, benevolence, and the common welfare of the people have been promoted in the period embraced in this discourse, — if, especially, the children of God have received "aid and comfort" on their way heavenward, and others have cordially received the truth and laid hold on eternal life, — I feel bound devoutly to recognize and record this day the unmerited goodness of God. That in some measure these precious fruits have here been produced, I should sin against God, and abuse his grace, were I to entertain a doubt. And let Pastor and people join in the devout ascription, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name, give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

During the present ministry, ten seasons of special interest in spiritual things have been enjoyed; those most memorable were in 1822 and 1842; those most limited in extent and fruits, in the winter of 1847–48, the spring of 1850, and the winter of 1857–58. And in all these precious seasons of intense labor, as well as of joy, no professed "Evangelist," or "Revival Preacher," so called, has been employed, or desired. Whenever the demand for labor has been beyond the ability of the Pastor to meet, assisted, as he has always been, with great readiness and good-will, by the

Church, ministers of churches in the vicinity, in whose experience and discretion we had confidence, have "come over and helped us."

At the commencement of the present ministry this Church contained from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty members; and during these forty years have been added 481 by profession,—average 12 a year,—and 100 by letter; total, 581. Removed, 174 by death; 180 by dismission to other churches; and 20 by exclusion. While 200 are now resident members, only 12 are living who were members forty years ago.

In this connection it may be well to state; that I have baptized 488 persons, solemnized 265 marriages, and attended, probably, 650 funerals.

No particular account of the Sabbath School can here be admitted. It ought, however, to be recorded and uttered, on this occasion, that this important institution, though not elevated from its proper sphere, nor shorn of its proper power by putting it into the place and time assigned to the preaching of the Word, has been most highly valued, steadily maintained, and with an increase in interest and numbers, to the present time. It embraces two thirds of the congregation, and has furnished probably five sixths of those who have been admitted to the Church on profession.

This people were trained by my predecessor to excellent usages, and their prevailing sentiment and practice is in favor of "keeping the Sabbath, reverencing the sanctuary," rendering due respect

to the ministry, and sustaining and attending the public worship of God. And from actual examination I feel safe in saying, that a larger proportion of the inhabitants are regular attendants upon the ministrations of the sanctuary on the Sabbath than in any other place in this section of the country.

Two thirds of the population are justly reckoned as attendants at the house of God. This estimate, of course, embraces the congregation worshipping at the Methodist Chapel. The congregation to which it has been my privilege to minister so long is the largest, except one, in the county, and there are but few larger in the State, aside from the city assemblies.

The office of Deacon, important as it is to the efficiency of the ministry and the edification of the Church, ought to receive at least a passing notice in this Discourse.

The course pursued by this Church in relation to this responsible office has been designed, and, as we think, adapted, to elevate the position, and give it weight and honor in the estimation of the Church and the community, and increase of usefulness in its appropriate line of service.

A simple choice, by the vote of the Brethren, has not been deemed according to the example of the primitive Christian Church and the Apostles at the institution of the Deaconship, or sufficient to meet the full design of the office. Nor has this Church adopted, as some other churches have done in these revolutionary times, the method of choosing for a

limited period, or by rotation, — so that all who, like Diotrephes, “love to have the pre-eminence,” may have “a chance” to gratify their unholy ambition.

Chosen by the Brethren, and after due deliberation signifying their acceptance of the appointment, the Deacons have been inducted into the office with regular, full Divine service, — prayer, sermon, and ordination. And the choice and intention has been according to the old platform and practice in appointing the judges of the New England Courts, — “during good behavior”; and the fact that all who have occupied this important post in this Church have maintained it till death or change of residence shows that, in the judgment of the Brethren, they “used the office of a Deacon well.” No record or report of impeachment is found.

Since the organization of the Church, in 1765, thirteen have held the office: —

Josiah Ingalls,	Ebenezer Brown,
John Lovejoy,	Benjamin Eddy,
Edward Jewett,	Luther Goddard,
Francis Towne,	Adin Cummings,
David Barker,	Joseph B. Breed,
Hezekiah Hubbard,	Omar D. Converse.
Eleazer Blake,	

The two last mentioned are now officiating to the acceptance and edification of the Church.

And it is due to those who in past years have been, and to those who now are, members of the Choir, to say that, from the time when, forty years ago this day, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder conducted

the singing at my ordination, to the present hour, the music in this Church has, in my judgment, been equal, if not superior, to that in any other congregation in this vicinity with which I have been acquainted; and that during this long period the Pulpit and the Choir have been on intimate and harmonious terms.

In reviewing his own history, the Pastor would do injustice to himself if he should neglect in this public manner to use the language of the text in his own behalf,—“Hitherto hath the Lord helped *him*.” Helped in his *duties*,—in the study, the sanctuary, as “overseer of the flock of God,”—in duties pertaining to the sick, the afflicted, and the dying,—duties as spiritual guide to Christians and inquiring sinners,—and all the round of cares and labors expected of a New England country Pastor. He has helped me and my family in toils and trials which have been appointed for them to endure,—and those severer trials which belong more particularly to the Pastor, and which arise peculiarly from his relations and work as a Christian minister. But of *trials* I have no intention or disposition to speak in this Discourse; but only to recognize the help which God has afforded, and which has hitherto sustained me in all the way that He has led me these forty years.

In this time I have *written* 2,050 sermons, covering 10,000 sheets of sermon-paper, and, with some exceptions,—through feeble health in 1828 and 1829,—have met the people almost every Sabbath twice, and



generally three times. Besides this, I have taken an active, and to me a very delightful part, in the Sabbath School, having charge, particularly for thirty years past, of a class of from ten to thirty-five young men, who, for intelligence, sound mind, and other essential elements of a good character, are inferior to no other equal number of young men in the Congregation. Of miscellaneous writings, and other services, of which there is almost no end, I give no enumeration.

But while it becomes me thankfully to acknowledge the good hand of God, which has upheld me in labors, trials, and responsibilities incident to no other calling, I am very happy in having this opportunity to express, in the presence of these, my brethren and this assembly, and here to record with gratitude, the uninterrupted confidence which this people have placed in me; the forbearance which they have exercised, and the innumerable kindnesses which in various ways they have shown to the Pastor and his family. May the God of all grace and comfort pour upon you and your children still more abundantly the blessings of his providence and grace.

And I trust the *people* are ready to acknowledge the help of God in preserving *them*, and prospering *them* in all their important interests; especially, in enabling them to support and enjoy uninterruptedly for so long a time, the blessings of an evangelical ministry. To deepen your convictions of the value of the pure Gospel, and of your indebted-

ness to God, just compare your present condition with what it *would* have been had not the ordinances of religion been maintained here for eighty, or for the last forty years.

Suppose that during all this time this House of God had been closed; no preacher of righteousness had stood up in this pulpit, and set forth in the name of Christ the great truths of his word; and no spiritual guide, no man of God, had been seen among you, moving from house to house to impart instruction, admonition, and consolation to the people; or suppose that you had been occupied, as some churches and societies have been, half of the time these forty years in obtaining and dismissing ministers, calling councils, changing creeds and forms, and, like the Athenians, in constant pursuit of some "*new thing*," or that you had been subjected to a ministry corrupt in doctrine or practice, or in both.

While, then, this people are reminded to-day of the comparatively peaceful, onward way in which God has led them, let them render due acknowledgment to the blessed Gospel, whose genuine fruits are so manifest on every side. Let them remember, too, that these blessings flow directly and legitimately from strict adherence to that scheme of doctrine which has been accepted, preached, and maintained here from the settlement of the town to this day.

As we stand here, then, to-day, Pastor and flock, after forty years of toil and trial, joy and sorrow,

mutually shared, united still, and cordially, for aught I know, as at the first, we do devoutly express, before God and this assembly, and here record our indebtedness to Divine mercy, in the language of the ancient Hebrew leader, — “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

By this imperfect review of our history, an inquiry is suggested, of deep interest to this Church and Society, to the cause of truth, and the highest welfare of this people.

The Lord hath helped you hitherto; but how can you secure his help in time to come? You will *need* his aid in the future as really as in the past. The Pastor, and the few who have walked and worshipped, labored and suffered with him for all this period, and yet survive, must soon pass from the stage, and leave all the precious interests here concerned to other hands. The past experience of the Pastor encourages him to hope for all needful Divine aid during the little time he may be allowed to live and to labor for the salvation of those who have been intrusted to his pastoral care; and the Church and Society have equal reason to hope for the help of God in coming time, provided they pursue the course in regard to the Gospel which has so manifestly received the approbation and blessing of God nearly one hundred years in this place. If the Lord has helped, and so richly blessed you in connection with an evangelical ministry and unbroken pastoral relations, and you and your children to-day rejoice in the invaluable fruits of



such a ministry as has been maintained among this people, and if, as is well known, the effects of the same system of truth are everywhere substantially of the same character, then the way to secure the Divine aid and blessing in the time to come is plain. The general condition in this case is, the united and permanent support of those institutions to which you are so deeply indebted for your past peace and prosperity.

Reference is had, not only to the support of public worship in its appointed forms, but to the maintenance of that system of doctrine believed by the Pilgrim Fathers, by Edwards, Griffin, Woods, your own venerated Payson, and other lights of the New England churches,—a system of truth which, when rightly set forth by the ministry, is most healthful in its influence on all the interests of men the world over, and “is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” As we truly say of our government, it is the best under heaven, founded by the Fathers under the supervision of God, and has worked well and filled the land in its breadth and length with blessings; so the scheme of Christian doctrine here referred to, usually denominated Evangelical or Calvinistic, and the Congregational Church polity, and permanence in the pastoral office, have worked well in all past generations. And while you and your children gratefully acknowledge to-day the blessings you and they and your fathers received through this channel, look over New England,

the moral garden of the world ; look at the great West, and onward to the Pacific Ocean, where a second New England is rising up to bless the land and the world. And think, too, of the wonderful results of the missionary work in heathen lands, and bear in mind that all are directly and indirectly the genuine fruits of this "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Let it be here maintained, then, to the end of time. And whoever in coming years, having the taste and spirit of these times, may wish and undertake to effect an essential change in the religious faith and usages here so long maintained ; to disturb waters that have been comparatively so quiet, and which have been sending forth blessings of incomprehensible value to three whole generations ; let that man be admonished that he will take upon him a fearful responsibility. It is much easier to disturb than to allay, to scatter than to gather up, to divide than to unite, to demolish than to build up.

But in reference to the inquiry, How may the help of God, in the present application of the language, be secured in time to come ? only a suggestion or two will be made.

The institutions of God's appointment must be treated as He requires. Thus the Gospel, the Sabbath, the ministry, and the ordinances of religion must be more highly *valued*. All reasonable effort must be made to support the public worship of God, and the stated ministrations of an ordained,

evangelical, godly, and otherwise qualified Pastor; and the doctrines of the Gospel believed, and its precepts obeyed.

It is necessary that your *children* should be trained to support and obey the Gospel.

The slight sense of obligation in this matter now manifested by a large portion of the young will in process of time be entirely lost, unless, contrary to the practice of some of whom better things are reasonably expected, parents and heads of families shall faithfully endeavor to produce in the mind of those committed to their care an abiding conviction of the value of the Gospel, and their obligation to support and obey it.

The young should be reminded of the goodly heritage which they have received from the fathers, — the precious fruits of an Evangelical ministry, continued, as has here been the fact, from past generations. The founders of this Society felt, for they had experienced, the inestimable value of Christian institutions, and made the effort and sacrifice necessary to secure for themselves and their posterity the enjoyment of the Gospel. They entertained the real Puritan conviction on this subject; as one of the early New England fathers said, "A true New England man could no more live without a minister than a blacksmith could work his iron without fire."

Aim to fix this conviction in the mind and conscience of the coming generation, that they may be qualified and ready to take the places and fulfil

the duties of those who now sustain the institutions of religion, but who "cannot continue, by reason of death."

And while I exhort you, beloved Brethren and friends, to cherish a deeper sense of your own indebtedness to the Gospel, and train your children to understand and fulfil their duties to God and their fellow-men, so that you and they may reasonably hope for Divine help in time to come, I only add,—“Follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.” And while you contend earnestly for the maintenance of the “faith once delivered to the saints,” “endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.” Learn the wholesome lesson suggested by the facts of your own history, as given to-day, and that of contemporary churches and religious societies, around you and elsewhere.

“Now, the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

# ORIGINAL HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION,

BY SAMUEL BURNHAM,

AND SUNG BY THE CHOIR AFTER THE DISCOURSE.

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MEMORIES of the past come swelling  
O'er the grave of twoscore years ;  
Scenes of joy and sorrow telling,  
Sun and shadow, smiles and tears.

Merry shouts of joy and gladness  
Ring out from the shadowy past,  
While the mournful tones of sadness  
Wail like winter's shivering blast.

Many a loved one, fondly cherished,  
Calmly in yon churchyard sleeps ;  
Many an orange-flower has perished, —  
Many a willow sadly weeps.

Many a voice has ceased its singing,  
But in brighter, fairer skies,  
Where heaven's harmonies are ringing,  
Joins that song which never dies.

Yet we feel that, hovering near us,  
Spirits of the sainted dead  
From the dim past come to cheer us,  
With their guardian wings outspread.

Thus do memories come pressing  
On the track of bygone years ;  
And, though sorrow came with blessing,  
Smiles are glistening through the tears.

Bless to us past mercies given,  
Bless to us this festal day ;  
Point us all the road to heaven,  
Lead us in the shining way.

Just beyond death's narrow river,  
Heaven's own glories on us shine ;  
Grant that flock and shepherd ever  
There may sing of love divine.

## EXERCISES IN THE TOWN HALL.

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IMMEDIATELY after the close of the services in the Church, Jason B. Perry, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements,\* invited the audience to proceed to the Town Hall, which was appropriately decorated, and where a bountiful collation was in readiness.

Stephen B. Sherwin, Esq., of Rindge, presided at the collation and during the exercises of the afternoon and evening.

After the audience had been seated so far as was practicable, a song was admirably performed by Miss Julia E. Houston, soprano singer at the Old South Church, Boston; a Blessing was then invoked by Rev. J. W. Guernsey, of Keene, N. H., formerly pastor of the Methodist Church in Rindge, and all were supplied in the most liberal manner from the well-furnished tables.

\* At a meeting of the Society, legally called, a Committee was chosen to make all necessary arrangements for the exercises of the Anniversary, consisting of Col. Jason B. Perry, Col. George W. Stearns, and Mr. James B. Robbins. To these gentlemen, and to the various sub-committees afterward appointed, is to be attributed in a great measure the admirable order and marked success which attended the whole occasion.



After the collation, and another song by Miss Houston, who contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion, during the afternoon and evening, by her admirable singing, Mr. Sherwin made a welcoming address, as follows.

#### ADDRESS OF STEPHEN B. SHERWIN, ESQ.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In behalf of our venerable Pastor, and the First Congregational Church and Society in Rindge, I bid you a most cheerful, a most hearty welcome. We would greet you with a friendly greeting. The occasion, the event we celebrate, is of rare occurrence in this or any other community. Few indeed are the clergymen who have measured the term of forty years amongst any one people. In the retrospect there are many reminiscences that are dark and chilling, and many that are pleasant and cheering, all of which are incident to human life. The record of the last forty years shows an onward march in every department of life unparalleled in the annals of time. Were all the changes, inventions, and improvements that have occurred within that time written out, they would fill a volume that the measure of no one man's life would be sufficient to read. In our own New Hampshire but little remains unchanged except our granite hills, and even they have not wholly escaped the sweeping tide of time and improvement. The mighty influence of our republican institutions has been felt almost world wide, and man has been struggling for his freedom in every land. In Europe, revolution has followed revolution in quick succession; the arm of tyranny has been paralyzed in Italy, and serfdom in Russia has found its grave. The mighty march of improvement in the arts, sciences, agriculture, and in everything that pertains to the elevation and happiness of man, is unprecedented in the his-

tory of any other forty years. The many wonderful inventions now in practical use which have gradually presented themselves, and by common use and association have lost all that is strange and wonderful, to the man of forty years ago would be most mysterious, most unaccountable. Could the man who has slept beneath the sod the last forty years be waked from that sleep to-day, and behold a steam-engine followed by a train of cars, freighted with human beings, speeding its way among his native hills, what think you would be his astonishment, what his consternation, and to what agency would he ascribe all this? Would he not at once attribute it to *that* evil spirit of which he was so often reminded by the reverend clergy of his day? Show him next that man can take that subtle agent, known only to him as seen in the heavens by the name of "lightning," charge it with a message, send it at his will hundreds of miles in a few seconds, and cause it there to write the same on paper, — would he not be doubly confirmed in his first opinion? Such, ladies and gentlemen, are examples of some of the wonderful and practical inventions that have dawned upon the world during the stay of our venerated Pastor amongst us.

I would not dim or mar your happiness on this occasion; but there is another change which is a sadder picture. The great heart of the nation throbs with anxious and disturbed pulsations: what man, looking from the stand-point of forty years ago, ever dreamed that to-day the suicidal hand would be raised, — that treason would be rife in our land, threatening the destruction of the best government upon which the sun ever shone? So it is; but while the picture is dark, our hope for the future is bright and joyous. And now permit me to say, I will not by any extended remarks delay the audience from the rich entertainment for which we are all in eager expectation. Again I bid you a most sincere, a most cordial welcome.

The first regular sentiment was then read by the President.

*The Clergy of New Hampshire* : But few are fortunate enough to retain their settlement for the celebration of its Fortieth Anniversary.

Rev. Z. S. Barstow, D.D., of Keene, N. H., was then introduced as the only clergyman present, with the exception of Dr. Burnham, and beside him the only Congregational clergyman in the State, who could appropriately respond to the sentiment.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. Z. S. BARSTOW, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT :— You call on me to respond to the sentiment. I understand, Sir, that I have been published in the papers as one of the speakers on this occasion. But I never heard a syllable of it till I came upon this platform. Nor had I the most distant expectation of being thus unceremoniously called upon.

But, if I understand it, the sentiment calls for remarks upon the importance of a “permanent ministry.” And, Sir, though I admit that our Methodist brethren have *some advantages* from their short pastorates, yet they have little opportunity to form enlarged plans, and to carry them out to their results. But our system enables us to give ourselves and our full powers to the people over which “the Holy Ghost hath made us overseers.” It enables us to comprehend the wants of the people, their interests, their dangers, and the best means of promoting their temporal thrift, their educational necessities, their moral and social interests, and the *thorough instruction* of the people in the faith once delivered to the saints.

Besides, Sir, we have an illustration of *this whole subject*

in the discourse which we have heard this day ; of the great advantages to be derived from a permanent ministry, in the prosperity of the people, the stability of the Church, and their general advancement in all things lovely and of good report.

And now, Sir, as I am up, I wish to say, that, while the great object of the ministry is to train men up for an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, there are *side issues* of incomparable benefit to society. Among other things, we may speak especially of the power of the pulpit in promoting *liberty* and the *general weal* of the nation ! Why, Sir, while we attribute to Mr. Jefferson great praise for his admirable Declaration of Independence, we may affirm that all the great principles contained in that document had been elaborated, discussed, and wrought into the minds of the people by the clergy of New England and New Jersey, and Mr. Jefferson himself acknowledged that “the platform of the Congregational Church suggested the platform of our liberties” !

And Mr. Hume himself, who was no special advocate of the Puritanical principles of our fathers, acknowledged “that, whatever of civil and religious liberty England now enjoys, *she owes it all to the Puritans*” ! And every one knows what a power the pulpit had in clipping the wings of the hierarchy, purifying the liturgy of its Popish complexion, and “giving strength to the democracy of England.”

We might go still further, and affirm that the clergy did much toward giving the key-note in the declaration of American independence. It was *Witherspoon*, and not the elder Adams, that first gave *the impulse* to the Convention at Philadelphia ! He stepped forth, saying, in substance, though I cannot remember his words precisely : “I have a wife and children that I tenderly love, and God has blessed me with earthly possessions ! *And I am ready to sacrifice all. Let us be free !*” And from that arose the enthusiasm and courage of that *venerated Convention* !

But I need not enlarge. I have only to refer to the words of Cowper:—

“The pulpit (in the sober use of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand,  
The most important and effectual guard,  
Support, and ornament of virtue’s cause.”

The pulpit does more to promote political economy and to advance the common weal, than statesmen, prisons, and the power of law to prevent the outbreaks of crime, and to make human society tolerable! Yes, Sir, it does more than all things else to promote men’s welfare.

Therefore, we say to the good people of Rindge: “Hold on upon a permanent ministry. And remember, that while there are *many new things*, and many *true things*, the new things are not true things, and the *true things* are not new!”

Rev. Asa Rand, son-in-law of the Rev. Dr. Seth Payson, former Pastor of the Church and Society in Rindge, was then called upon to respond to the following sentiment:—

*The Memory of Dr. Payson*: “Instead of the fathers shall be the children.”—Rev. Mr. Rand, a native of Rindge, and son-in-law of the venerated Payson, and known to the public from the press and the pulpit, is welcomed by his townsmen as an honorable connecting link between the present and the past.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. ASA RAND.

RESPECTED FRIENDS:—Your chairman proposes that I speak of the past and the present; of your former Pastor and his times; of the pulpit and the periodical press,

with both of which I have had responsible connection in my protracted life and labors. But he allows me only a few minutes; and will therefore permit me to confine myself chiefly to the first part of Dr. Payson's pastorate, with which I was personally acquainted. As I am almost a stranger in the present congregation, and feel that I belong to a generation which long since passed away, it may be necessary to give a brief account of myself. Know, then, that I was born in this town seventy-eight years ago, in the year after Dr. Payson's settlement; toiled upon a rugged farm to the age of nineteen; then went abroad to acquire an education for the ministry, upon which I entered about fifty-four years since. My pastoral labors were bestowed on a beloved people in Maine during fourteen years; though frequently interrupted by severe illness, which continued from one or two weeks to six months at a time, and at length imperatively demanded a dissolution of a happy pastoral relation, which might have continued to this day but for this providential dispensation. My next thirteen years were devoted principally to editorial labors, with very little public speaking. Regaining health in a good measure, I returned to the pulpit, preaching as stated supply and acting pastor in several places, with little interruption by sickness, during the nineteen years succeeding. For the six years past, encompassed with infirmities, I have lived retired from public labors, waiting for my final summons to depart. My personal acquaintance with this people for almost sixty years has, you perceive, been very slight, being acquired only by brief and infrequent visits. Of the first half only of Dr. Payson's ministry can I speak farther back than others. I am without doubt the oldest native of the town now present. Two others I find who are some five years younger. One brother,\* not a native, who came to the town in early manhood, six years older than

\* S. L. Wilder, Esq.



myself, can look back on Rindge and its people nearly as far, and trace their history down to the present hour, when he stands before you to recount the mercies of God to you, and him, and his, under the ministry of both your venerated pastors. When I received your kind invitation to meet you on this occasion, I doubted the prudence of exposing my health and life abroad in November weather. But my heart came at once, and now a kind Providence has brought me here in person. And here I am glad to be; for here passed the days of my childhood and early youth; here are the graves of honored parents and beloved kindred; here some of my relatives yet reside, and stand connected with your church; here I was joined in marriage with my first beloved companion, the eldest daughter of Dr. Payson, whose life on earth was short, and whose only child now living, William Wilberforce Rand, had much pleasure in once preaching the Gospel to you the summer past. Well may I love to unite with you in mutual congratulations and thanksgiving to the God of all grace, who, when He saw fit to call home the venerated Pastor of my youth, He set another light in the golden candlestick, and has kept it burning so brightly these forty years. To God be all the glory.

But what of Rindge in the early past? Rindge was a rough and rocky place. Myself and my contemporaries, and especially our fathers before us, were chiefly agriculturists, compelled to be laborious, industrious, and frugal. I see you have made great changes and improvements, which Dr. Burnham has named, contrasting the present aspect of material things with that which he first saw on his coming among you. What would he have said if he had looked over the town one or two generations earlier? Why even now your soil is rugged, and demands incessant toil. Coming to this neighborhood after a sojourn of fifteen years in Central New York and Ohio, I could not but exclaim, How can this people live? But I called to mind



the lessons of my youth, and laid together the results of extensive observation at the East and the West, both in city and country; and I here declare to you my firm conviction, that your physical training and mine, with all its stern necessities, is more favorable to the formation of a sterling character, whether for our personal happiness or honor or usefulness, than that which can usually be obtained on the facile and fertile soil of the West and South, or amid the opulence and indolence of city life. I have no doubt that you owe much of your temporal prosperity, with your marked stability in your educational, moral, and religious concerns, to the influence of your rugged soil and climate and your isolated situation. Truly each of you may say, with me, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

A word concerning schools and facilities for obtaining education. We had short schools in summer and winter, and we children thought them very good. "Master Foster," an excellent penman, and for many years town-clerk, was my early male teacher several years. He taught reading, spelling, writing, and the rudiments of arithmetic; not a single word of English Grammar, or Geography, or one on that long catalogue of studies you now have, with improved methods of study and instruction which learned professors had not then dreamed of. Why, if I had retained all I knew when I left college, I could not now enter the Freshman Class, and could scarcely receive the approbation of your examining committee as teacher of a common school. Of books for intellectual and moral improvement we had but few in our dwellings, with access to a small social library, kept some years at the house of the Pastor. These were adapted to adults and older scholars; but for children we had only the ever-blessed Bible, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and the New England Primer, with its blue paper cover and precious contents; among which was the Assembly's Catechism, which every child should write upon

his heart, and every aged man and woman repeat weekly till their dying day. For children's papers, and even religious periodicals for adults, we had literally none. But now what scores and hundreds of papers and magazines and Sabbath-school books for all ages. Parents are at a loss to select what is safe and useful; and youth are in danger of being corrupted with that literary trash which Satan and his publishers thrust before them at every turn. Ah! the Word of God was precious in those days,—scarce; here a little, and there a little. Now the heavenly manna falls every morning about your dwellings, with a tenfold portion when you go up to the house of the Lord and listen to your teachers, your assiduous Pastor among them, feeding the lambs in the Sabbath School and the sheep from the pulpit. Truly, blessed are the people who hear the joyful sounds; yea, blessed are they who so hear the Word of God and keep it. In my youth I heard nothing of a Sabbath School or Bible Class; only of a catechetical lecture by the Pastor. I think there were not stated meetings for conference and prayer; and the time had not come for the ministers and churches in this region to engage in missionary and other benevolent enterprises which now bless the Church and the world. Later in his ministry, and quite as early as others, Dr. Payson promptly and earnestly engaged in these labors of love, as you well know, and led on his people in the work.

I must say a few words concerning the ministry of Dr. Payson at that early period, his doctrine, manner of life, pastoral labors, and influence upon the people of his charge. He exerted a happy influence upon schools and families, and on the intellectual and moral training of the young. Of the character of his preaching, as Scriptural, lucid, faithful, solemn, and affectionate, your present Pastor, with many others, has borne a decided testimony. He also makes grateful mention of the influence of those ministrations, together with a consistent life, and his oversight of

the flock, on the state of morals and religion, and the prosperity of the Church. Thus, through the protracted labors of his predecessor, Dr. Burnham found things in a good degree made ready to his hand ; so that, through Him that giveth the increase, the sower and the reaper may rejoice together, and together give all the glory where all is due.

To this testimony I can only add the experience and observation of a wayward child ; for I must ever lament that I did not repent and believe till my last year in college, and my name was never enrolled in this Church. But I shall ever bless God that my feet were early led to trudge three miles over these hills, to and from this house of God, and that which preceded it ; that I was taught to remember the Sabbath day, and reverence the sanctuary ; and that I heard such preaching as made the sinner tremble and resolve, though he might soon forget. Yes, I fully believe that the constant preaching, which I could never treat with levity of speech or feeling, restrained me from vice, enlightened my mind, kept my conscience measurably tender, settled my convictions of fundamental truth, and thus prepared the way, when the Spirit came with quickening power, for my becoming a living believer and an unworthy soldier of the cross.

Of the character and state of the Church at that period I could be but a poor judge. I saw them walking in the ordinances of the Lord harmoniously ; many, I thought, feared God and wrought righteousness ; and of some, spiritually-minded and prayerful, I was constrained to say, "There is a daily beauty in their lives, that makes me ugly." I think there were not at that period copious showers of grace upon this people, such as have since attended the labors of both your pastors. Yet God granted the former and the latter rain, and the Church was increased and refreshed from year to year. In this community at large I think the general impression was, that the doctrine according to godliness was here preached ; that

pure and undefiled religion is the one thing needful for all ; and that such a ministry as they had should be stated, regular, and permanent. Under it, as under that which followed it, the people were not given to change ; and no one suspected that the Pastor would forsake the people whom he loved, till he had finished the work which his Lord had given him to do.

To-day we review the past, and lay upon our souls the responsibilities of the present, as they bear upon the future. The past is gone forever, the future is unknown to mortals, the present is all we can call our own. But what a price it puts into our hands, to get wisdom, to attain salvation, to glorify God, to perpetuate Gospel privileges, to diffuse on earth the knowledge of redeeming love. Pastors and people die, and go to their final account. In forty years, a number equal to your usual congregation, twice told, have here joined the congregation of the dead. Have all these washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb ? God alone knoweth. With us, numbered with the living still, there is hope ; an accepted time, a day of salvation, a space for repentance, a time to work in the vineyard of the Lord. Shall we, by help from above, make it as the beginning of still brighter days to this people, to the Church of Christ, and a dying world ? Have all our brother's hearers believed on Christ to the saving of the soul ? Is this Church an epistle of the living God, known and read of all men ? Have you done, and will you do, all that in you lies, that " the Word of the faith of the Gospel " may be with you, and your children, and your children's children, till time shall end ? God grant it, for his mercy and his truth's sake.

And now, brethren and friends, we commend you to God and the Word of His grace, who is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among them who are sanctified.

My brother, respected and beloved, go forth yet longer to your work of faith and labor of love, until the even of life

shall come. May you yet turn many unto righteousness, who shall be your joy and crown of rejoicing at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

The President then announced the following sentiment: —

*The Sons of old Rindge:* Many have distinguished themselves in the different departments of life; wherever they are, they will always meet with a right hearty welcome at the old homestead.

Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of Dorchester, Mass., a native of Rindge, was called upon to respond, and addressed the audience in the following language.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

MR. PRESIDENT: — I thank you for the compliment paid by your toast to the sons of old Rindge, and I am most happy here and everywhere to respond for them with such ability as I possess. I rejoice in the privilege of being present on this occasion; but when our honored pastor stated that forty years ago I acted as chorister at his ordination, I felt a sensation of age creeping over me; but in the presence of so many with whom I was acquainted in youth I feel that I still belong to the rising generation. (Laughter.) My associations and recollections of this good old town are of the most affectionate and interesting character. And who that has a soul within him can forget the place of his birth, the home of his childhood, the old district school where he learned his A B C, the church where he was offered at the baptismal font, or the consecrated ground in which repose the loved and lost ones of earth?

But I must not mar the pleasure of this occasion by this train of thought. No; rather let me call up the bright



reminiscences of early life. Although I left Rindge at the age of twenty-five, I can remember much that transpired before that time. I can remember the old school-house where I attended when I was but four years old, and which, I noticed to-day as I entered the village, like myself had grown a little gray with age. This school-house stood on the common directly in front of my father's dwelling, the seats facing to the north, and I can distinctly remember my own on the low bench for the small boys. Nor have I forgotten a certain little bunch of twigs, resembling *a bundle of apple-grafts*, which hung behind the master's desk, and at which ever and anon I cast an anxious glance. I remember well the new school-house, as it was called, which now stands at the foot of the hill east of us. But alas ! this too has been whitened with the snows of more than fifty winters. It was here that I was first taught the art of writing. The first copies were straight marks, then came the trammels, then the pot-hooks, and when I had learned to make that mysterious round letter that has no beginning or end, I felt that I was in a fair way to become an accomplished penman.

Well, Mr. President, here was laid the foundation of what little education I possess. In truth, Sir, the system of education is much more practical now than in those days. Then we had no Colburn's Arithmetics, no blackboards, and but few of the aids and advantages possessed by the present generation. I don't remember, Sir, that I was particularly distinguished, except for getting my lessons, in double quick time, and of course rather hastily. I believe, however, I was considered a pretty good arithmetician, having gone through Adams's Arithmetic three times before I was fourteen years of age ; but I strongly suspect my attainments in this branch were much like those of some other gentlemen who boast of having gone through college ; that is, gone in at one door and out at another ! Be that as it may, I have a vivid recollection of my trials



with some of the most difficult sums, and how, if I could not avail myself of the answer from my neighbor's slate, my poor head and patience were taxed to work out the result. Ah, Sir! many a time have I sympathized deeply in the doggerel rhyme:—

“ Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The Rule of Three, it puzzles me,  
And Fractions make me mad.”

And then came the Rule of Proportion; but for my life, Sir, I never could see any beauty in its proportions; and then that awful Rule of Cube Root,—of the philosophy of whose roots I knew far less than I now know of the physiology of the roots of trees and plants.

But, Mr. President, there was one exercise of which I was very fond. I mean the Evening Spelling Matches, where each one carried his tallow candle and a nice white turnip with a hole in the centre to stick his candle in; or if the turnip was forgotten, how we melted the end of the candle and stuck it up on the bench. And I well remember, Sir, that when I was captain of a class, and it fell to my lot to make the first choice, I had far more anxiety to select the prettiest girl in the school to stand by my side than for her particular accomplishment in spelling.

Well, Sir, here I finished my Common School education and entered upon a higher course of study, which my venerable father—God be thanked that he is spared to be with us to-day!—hoped would terminate in one of the learned professions. And, strange as it may seem, I proceeded so far as to read six or seven books of the *Æneid* of Virgil; and now, lest any one should doubt the correctness of this statement, I will attempt to construe and translate a line which I have not seen since that time. It ran thus:—

“ Musa,” *O Muse!* “ memora,” *declare;* “ mihi,” *to me;* “ causas,” *the causes,* “ quo numine læso,” — Ah! Mr.

President, my memory falters, and I will leave it to these learned divines to translate the three last words. (Laughter.)

But to proceed. My father soon discovered that my mind was of too roving a character to be confined to books, and accordingly gave me the choice of preparing for college, of entering his store, or of working on the farm. I chose the latter, it being the most congenial to my natural taste; but it was not long before my assistance was demanded in the store, and hence I have been merchant or agriculturist as time and circumstance would permit. I think, however, I can truly say, that from the day when my sainted mother first took me into the garden "to help dress and keep it," I have never seen the time when I did not love the cultivation of the soil, and I shall never cease to feel that a part of my humble mission on earth is to promote this most honorable and useful of all employments.

Pardon me, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, for further allusion to myself, for I have come to the old homestead to rejoice with you and to ask forgiveness for the errors of youth. I have heard it reported that I was a *wild* boy. Be that as it may, I can assure you that I have ever since been WILDER. I have heard it said that if I was not guilty of, I was at least cognizant of, some of the misdemeanors which occurred here while I was a boy. To this, Sir, in a measure I plead guilty. But while I acknowledge that I did hear the crash of the old horse-sheds as they tumbled over upon the common on a dark, stormy Saturday night, I do solemnly aver, in all truth and honesty, that I had no part or lot in stealing the beehives of Mr. Morse, or shearing the horse of Dr. Shurtleff, nor do I to this day know who the rogues were! (Laughter.)

But, Sir, no more of this. I have undoubtedly sowed my share of wild oats, but, thanks to affectionate and godly parents! I believe very few of them have ever vegetated.

Mr. President, I have spoken enough of the foibles of

youth and of the school-house, which here, as in other towns of our blessed New England, stands in public esteem next to the church. But to you, my honored Pastor, I would say, your name and profession are more intimately associated with this sanctuary around which cluster some of the most precious memories of my childhood and youth. I can recollect this old church as it then was, with its high pulpit, spacious galleries, and its square pews surmounted with a balustrade and rail, and how terrified I was if by chance I turned one of the rounds and made it squeak, lest it should have disturbed the venerable Deacon Blake, whose pew was between that of my father and the sacred desk ; and how now and then, in time of service, I opened one eye and looked around to espy the handsomest young lady in the congregation, and that here it was my eye caught hers who became my first love and the wife of my youth.

Of one other circumstance I have been reminded to-day by our honored Pastor, namely, that forty years ago this day I acted as chorister at his ordination. But, Sir, there are some here whose memory runs back still further. There are some here who can remember that I was installed in that office when I was but eighteen years of age. Yes, Sir, some who can remember when I played the big fiddle, and my good friend, Mr. Amos Cutler, played so dexterously the little fiddle ; and perhaps our Pastor may have some painful recollections of the customs of that time, especially of screwing up the strings and thumbing the instruments during the last part of prayer, so as to be ready to commence our part as soon as the minister had finished his.

But, Mr. President, to be more serious, I am most happy to be here to-day, and to participate in the pleasures and privileges of this occasion. I never return to this good old town, — the place of my birth, the home of my youth, and in whose sacred soil repose my mother, my brother and sisters, the wife of my youth, and some of my children, — but I feel sensations which no language can describe. I never

revisit this ancient town, but with the first glimpse of her glorious old hills, over which I have roamed in my youth with gun and fishing-rod, my soul rises with the inspiration of the scene, and I almost involuntary exclaim, Thank God, I am with you once again !

“ I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh your gladsome wing,  
My buoyant soul you seem to soothe,  
And redolent with scenes of youth,  
I breathe a second spring.”

One word more, Mr. President, in regard to the day and land in which we live, and I have done. One year ago we were rejoicing in peace and prosperity. Now we are in the midst of the most dreadful civil war that ever cursed the world, the natural result of sectional hatred and jealousy, and, Sir, I feel that I may congratulate your honored Pastor and the people of his charge that he has never fostered this hatred by the preaching of party politics. I am happy in the belief that his heart has been fixed on nobler ends, the union of the whole country, and the spiritual welfare of his particular charge, and he will allow me to say that I consider his example worthy of universal emulation.

And now, Sir, in view of the wonderful progress and prosperity of our country, who can look back to the past and forward to the future, without feeling the responsibilities which rest upon us as American citizens. When I consider the stupendous proportions of our country, extending from ocean to ocean, embracing almost every variety of soil and climate, and capable of producing almost all the products of the habitable globe, — a country which, before some who now hear me shall go down to their graves, will contain one hundred millions of souls, — a country whose thriving cities and villages rise as by enchantment, and suddenly surpass in arts, commerce, and manufactures the most renowned cities of the Old World, — a country whose liter-

ary, civil, and religious institutions are the admiration of mankind, — a country, too, whose inhabitants from every part of the globe are commingling and rapidly assimilating into a race far more powerful than any that has preceded it, — I cannot but feel that He who rules in mercy as well as in justice has a more important mission for these United States to perform than for any other nation, and that he will bring us out of the trials through which we are passing, and make us a wiser and a better people; that he will preserve the Union of these States, and make us one in interest, one in inheritance, and one in glorious destiny.

Let us then be faithful to our high and glorious trust. Let us stand by and sustain the government with every means in our power. Let us stand by the flag of our Union, and for every one that has been struck down by our enemies, a thousand shall rise in its stead, and the red, white, and blue, like the flowers of the field, blossom again from one end of our land to the other.

The next sentiment was, —

*Rev. Samuel Lee, of New Ipswich:* Unlike Samuel of old, it is not necessary to call upon him three times, but like him, always ready to answer, "*Here am I.*"

#### ADDRESS OF REV. SAMUEL LEE.

MR. PRESIDENT: — Are all the managers of this celebration enlisted recruits for the army? I should infer it; and that the particular department of their drill at present is in the science of *taking by surprise*. I am their honored victim, — taken perfectly by surprise. And what shall I say? What is my theme? Myself. And that is very general indeed, — a centre from which I may radiate at any conceivable angle to a circumference.

It might seem appropriate to talk of the past; and I



have thought of many things in years long gone by, while I have listened to the able discourse of my brother, and to the remarks of my friend who has just addressed us. But I am not quite old enough to talk, on such an occasion as this, of the past. I am not yet sixty years old, and my ministry but of little more than thirty years. Still I remember so far back as to furnish to me a scene very unlike the present. And I have to-day gone back to my childhood,—to the home of my father, and the employments of the family. I remember the fire-place, with its high wooden mantle, and how I was proud when I could straighten up and touch it with the top of my head;—how I sat in the fire-place, i. e. within the jamb, while others were seated at the other extreme, and between us a rousing fire, that was perhaps heating the water in a four or six pail kettle;—and how I could look up and see through the top of the chimney, the stars in the sky. I remember the spinning-wheels of my mother and sister,—the “little wheel” and the “great wheel”; the loom in which the yarn produced by these wheels was converted into linen and woollen cloth to be worn by the family. I remember the school-house of that same period, and the church, the modes of travel, &c., &c. But I have not time to do justice to this theme. A thousand particulars must be enumerated and presented each in contrast with an equal number of the elements of our present condition. And besides, as I have said, I am not old enough to talk of the past, as could the man of twenty years added to mine.

But shall I talk of the future? Should I give to you the real utterances of my inmost soul, my voice would not exactly harmonize with that of the pulpit to-day. I have less of reverence for the past than my good brother whose anniversary we are celebrating. I am—God grant I may never be any other—a man of PROGRESS. I do not believe that all change is to the worse. Much of the meta-



physical theology and much of the exegesis of the past can no more go into the future than can the agriculture and the mechanics of the past. I have no veneration for the creeds of the fathers. I believe, with Robinson, of Pilgrim celebrity, that there is more light yet to break forth from the Bible. No ; change is not necessarily for the worse. My eye rests habitually upon a blessed, a glorious future. A half-century has witnessed a wonderful change, that certainly is an improvement. And yet this is but a beginning, whose consummation shall be GLORY. This my philosophy teaches, this my Bible : this my heart *feels* must be true. Nothing else will satisfy its love for the Redeemer, and desire that he should be glorified by results worthy of Him as the Divine administrator of the plan of redemption. Jesus is able to save this world, and he will do it to perfection.

But this strain is not exactly appropriate to the circumstances in which I am speaking. If my venerated brother is not quite as hopeful and quite as progressive as myself, yet we agree in almost everything else. I have often said that there is no man in the circle of my acquaintance whose theology is so nearly in harmony with my own ; — mine metaphysical, his *common-sense-ical*, — and the former finding evidence of its correctness from its harmony with the latter. And a ministry, right by his side, of the quarter of a century, has had the effect to bind my heart very closely to him. We have had some happy experiences together in our labors as the servants of Jesus Christ. When to-day he spoke of the revival of 1842, I remembered, with a degree of satisfaction that I cannot tell, the fortnight I spent with him in that pulpit above, and in this room for religious conversation. I rejoice that his ministry yet lasts on. May he never know what is my experience in being laid aside from his work while yet he lives. I had hoped to die with my harness on. May he die thus. May he never know what it is to

live, yet live without an OBJECT. I live thus. My work of life is done. I am having a sort of day of judgment while yet in the body. My "life" is of the "things that were" and seen in review. I rejoice that I have been a minister. As furnishing the material for a hopeful future, no conceivable earthly state can for a moment compare with it. I had rather go to heaven from the pulpit than from the throne,—O infinitely rather!

But I am talking too long. You gave me, Mr. President, myself as my theme;—myself of course as a laborer by the side of your Pastor, and I have talked about myself as such. Long may that Pastor live, and gather yet greater multitudes to Christ before he shall be called hence.

The President announced as the next sentiment,—

*The Clergy of Massachusetts:* Unsurpassed for education, intelligence, and efficiency; they are always welcome to the old Granite State.

In presenting this sentiment, Mr. Sherwin made the following remarks:—

You will pardon me here, ladies and gentlemen, for stating, that a few years since, while in conversation with a Massachusetts clergyman, he inquired why it was that the good people of old Rindge were so well united in politics and religion? I answered him that this remarkable unanimity must be attributed to one of two things. Either the people were consummately ignorant, and knew naught else save to follow in the wake of their fathers, or else they were tolerably intelligent, and so well "booked up," that they were not to be duped by the doctrines and isms of modern times.

I perceive that the same clergyman with whom I had this conversation is present on this occasion, and I call

upon him to respond to the sentiment, and also, if he pleases, to settle the question before a Rindge audience to-day to which of the two propositions the unanimity of our people is attributed, and in settling this question he will also settle another; he will furnish the reasons why Dr. Burnham has remained with us so long.

I call upon Rev. A. P. Marvin, of Winchendon.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. A. P. MARVIN.

MR. PRESIDENT: — I am reminded here to-day of the fact that I have had a connection — a slight connection, perhaps — with Rindge. I refer to the days of my youth, for during the last eighteen years my intercourse with you has been frequent and agreeable. It has been stated to-day, that Dr. Payson had two sons, who were ministers of the Gospel. One of these was the celebrated Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland. The other was the Rev. Phillips Payson, of Leominster, Mass., and afterwards of North Lyme (now Lyme), Conn. While there, he was the pastor of my mother's family, and during my visits at home I often heard him preach, and I learned in what estimation he was held by the people. Through him some of that influence which the elder Dr. Payson exerted so powerfully on his parishioners reached me. And in this connection it may be gratifying to you to say that Mr. Phillips Payson has a son who is now a very promising young minister in the city of New York, and a voice behind me says that two others of his sons are in a course of preparation.

But, Sir, I was called up by a sentiment and a story. In relation to the sentiment, while I am not worthy to represent the clergy of Massachusetts, I will say, in their behalf, that this tribute of respect is freely bestowed on your venerated Pastor, who completes the fortieth year of his settled ministry to-day. Though he has not courted publicity, yet he has not lived here so long, and pursued a

career so useful, without becoming extensively known, and securing the high regard and esteem of his brethren in the ministry. In their name, I now offer the due meed of respect and reverence to *Father* Burnham. It is true that he, some years since, almost reproved me for styling him "father;" yet it seems to me that there is a manifest propriety in giving one who has become a Doctor of Divinity, and has a good right to the degree, and who, besides, has been settled in one parish during forty years, that venerable title. In these years I have not seemed to myself to grow old at all, while he has been assuming the double crown of age and of honor. Henceforth he is to me "Father Burnham."

And now, to the story of the worthy President of the day. It seems that my inquiries about the unanimity and stability of the people of old Rindge, in religious and political matters, excited the suspicion of an intention on my part to cast a slur on this good old town; as if the inhabitants did not think for themselves, but were under the thralldom of leaders. This, according to my recollection, must have been an entire mistake. The thing that lay in my mind was just what we are commemorating here to-day. I had reference to the long and able ministry of Dr. Payson and his successor, and to the influence flowing therefrom, in securing stability of character. The influence of a minister of the Gospel, preaching and living well in such a place as this, during a long course of years, is powerful for good. And the man who can retain his position twenty, thirty, forty years, in these changing times, must have peculiar qualifications. In the last century, ministers were settled with the expectation that they would remain "during good behavior," or to the close of life; yet even then there were many brief pastorates, and a man could not retain his hold on the people unless he was a man of estimable qualities. But in these days, when parishes are restless, and when they all desire the most eloquent and

popular preacher in the land, and when, moreover, great questions are agitating the country, no man can remain forty years in connection with the same church and society unless he is well qualified for the duties of his high office. For, be assured, this position cannot be retained by artifice, by trimming the sails to catch the popular breeze, nor by anything except substantial merit. It requires piety, discretion, fidelity in the performance of duty, good temper, sympathy with the people in all their joys and sorrows, and common sense, which, when bestowed in large measure, is one of the rarest gifts ever conferred by the Almighty on the children of men. As these are the characteristics of your Pastor, we know why—the Lord helping him—he has continued to enjoy your confidence and affection. And I may add, that he knows how to keep up with the times, and in this regard differs from many men in every profession and pursuit, who, by clinging blindly to the worn-out past, are left as wrecks on the bank of the stream of life. And here it occurs to me to express the gratification I feel at finding myself in such near accord with your honored Pastor on the great exciting questions of the day. I have a suspicion that you, in your conservative wisdom, used to look on me as a rather “fast young man,” in relation to slavery and kindred subjects. Now, I am quite willing to confess that I have always believed slavery to be the great sin and curse of the land, and have been in favor of all judicious efforts for its speedy overthrow. It is now seen to be the cause of this wicked rebellion, which is rending our country, and calling us to give up our dear friends, by hundreds of thousands, who have gone, and are going, to the tented field. And we all feel that the cause of the rebellion must be put away, else we shall leave a heritage of blood to our children, increasing from year to year, in compound ratio. In regard to these things, Rindge and Winchendon are in happy agreement. They think the same and feel the same concerning the republic. And



when, not long ago, your minister preached on the war, in my pulpit, and, while showing the necessity we are under of putting down the traitors, he doubled up his fist, and inquired, what the Lord had given it to us for, unless to use in case of emergency, my people felt sure that he was quite up to the times! And it is worthy of note, that you were disappointed in me on that day, because there was no allusion in my preaching to the political events of the day. You were, perforce, obliged to listen to what are sometimes called regular "Gospel sermons," since I rarely allude to political affairs in my Sabbath services, while at the very time, my people were listening with interest to your minister, as he exposed the wickedness of the rebellion, and denounced the leading rebels. This, Sir, may not be what is sometimes reprobated as "political preaching," but it sounds to me a little like the politics of war. And now, Sir, are we square in regard to our part of the conversation to which you alluded when introducing me to this assembly?

Passing this topic, it is but fair to add, that the minister does not deserve all the credit, when the pastoral relation has been permanent. There have been many ministers, who were amply endowed for the work, and yet have not been able to remain forty, or twenty, or five years, in some places, because the people were not able to appreciate them, nor to estimate the value of a long pastorate. It is your distinction that you have been above such folly, and you now reap the advantages that flow from the continuous labors of one who has known how to care for your estate, and has loved to labor for souls as one that must give account. I have alluded to your Pastor's labors, and to your appreciation of them; and here let me raise the question, whether it would not be well for you to give him still more employment. This is indeed a delicate subject. It may seem strange that I, who do not appear to be worn down with toil,—certainly am not in the "lean and slippered



pantaloons," — should stir you up to increase your minister's duties. It was stated, as you recollect, in his admirable sermon this morning, that he received all his salary on the appointed day, and that he had nothing *to do* about it, except to sign the receipt and spend the money, — four hundred dollars. Now the question in this connection is, whether it would not have a healthy influence if you should give him a little more to do? But that question is left for you to decide.

In such a gathering as this I realize the force of an old truth, more vividly than ever before. Reference is had to the power of a minister for good, when he is faithful to his trust. This point has been so well treated by one who has preceded me, that I will refer to it with brevity. Some one has said, that when a bright, sensible girl is married into a family, she will keep fools out of it for several generations. The same is true of a parish, when it forms a connection with an intelligent, clear-headed minister. Under his preaching, and his general influence in schools and in society, the young people will come forward with sound minds, and before his cultivated intellect nonsense and foolish *isms* will flee away as fog before the sun. A single illustration shall convey all I have to say on this point. Suppose, Sir, this house should be closed, the minister dismissed, and the church disbanded. Let there be no evangelical preaching in the town. What would be the result? In a generation, the moral and pious people would die or move away. Few good people would grow up here, and they would seek a home elsewhere. Vices of every kind and degree would become common. In the mean time the ignorant and depraved in neighboring towns would flow in hither, as if drawn by a sort of moral, or rather immoral, gravitation, until all religious, moral, and even decent people would avoid it as they would a pestilence. The agency that prevents such results, and produces those that are just opposite, is unsurpassed in usefulness.

I will add but another remark. We see, in such a scene as this, how a minister is linked into the affections of his people. He is with them in their most joyous, their saddest, and their holiest seasons. The orange-blossom and the waving willow are associated with him in the hearts of those whom wedded love has made happy, and of those who have been led by him to feel that God loveth whom he chasteneth. He is also enshrined in the hearts of those whom he has led to the Saviour and welcomed to the table of the Lord. Thus the tendrils of sacred affection are thrown around him, and when he is called up, many hearts follow him to the skies. It is my fervent wish and hope, that when, late hereafter, your loved and venerated Pastor shall return to Heaven, he may be blessed with the assurance that he will be followed, not only by those who are now pursuing the strait and narrow path, but by many others also, who shall yet be gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

The President announced as the next sentiment,—

*The young Clergymen of New Hampshire:* May they prove as efficient in their mission as their predecessors.

Rev. W. L. Gaylord, of Fitzwilliam, was called upon to respond to this sentiment.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. W. L. GAYLORD.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—The gentleman who preceeded me has explained the principle upon which we who were not *advertised* to speak on this occasion are called out so satisfactorily, that nothing further remains to be said on that point.

Perhaps, Sir, I am requested to respond to the sentiment which you have just read, for the reason that, in this assem-

bly, convened to honor, on the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate over this people, one of the oldest ministers in this State, I stand as the youngest ordained clergyman of this section of the State ; or it may be that while these venerable fathers, whom we delight to-day and always to honor, have told us of what *they have done*, and these brethren in the scenes and activities of midday life tell us of what *they are doing*, I am before you the representative of that class who are just entering and looking out upon the field before us, but who, having done but little as yet, have nothing to tell you about but our expectations and our faith in the future, with the inspiring example of these fathers and brethren before us.

I count it, Sir, one of the highest privileges of my intercourse with these reverend and venerated brethren, and of my life, to be permitted to speak congratulatory words to them, and to this assembly to-day ; and as they have led us back, in memory, along the history of past generations, since they were young like those in whose name I address you, I have felt that my feet pressed hallowed ground, and that a holy Presence was making sacred and forever embalming this hour and this scene in our hearts.

As I came hither this morning, my mind attempted to grasp the fact, and to review in imagination the history of a pastorate of forty years' length. I attempted to measure the aggregate of ministerial labor that had been performed in that time ; the hopes that had been awakened, to be realized in present fruition, or only to be crushed in the bud. Joys came flitting by and lighted up the scene, and anon clouds of sorrow came, darkening the sky and shedding gloom around. It was a checkered scene that seemed to pass before me in that momentary and imaginary reviewal, but amid it all I thought I saw the angel Hope winging her way heavenward and beckoning the humble laborer in his Divine Master's vineyard to follow her, with his eye fixed on the Day-Star, while Faith walked ever by his side and

chanted to his often troubled, yet often entranced spirit, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

But it is impossible for me now in words, as it was then in thought, to present anything like an adequate view of the history of a pastoral relation extending over a period of so many years.

Could our revered father in the ministry, whose festal day brings us together here, have had prophetic vision given him when, on this day forty years ago, he gave himself to this church and people, to be to them a "servant for Christ's sake"; could he have looked down along these many years that have passed, and seen and known all the toils, the sacrifices, the trials that awaited him, though the path should seem, even then, to be radiant with joys and blessings, I think that he would have been overwhelmed with the magnitude of the work before him, and would have felt that, unless the Eternal Presence should be with him, he could not go forward.

The young clergy of New Hampshire desire to emulate the example of the fathers who have spoken to us to-day, that, like them, by "making full proof of our ministry," we may hereafter look back upon a well-fought conflict of faith, and forward to an imperishable "crown of righteousness" in store for us.

The reminiscences of the past — the whole history of other generations as it has been reviewed by honored lips to-day — shall incite us to renewed diligence and faithfulness in our divine calling.

The lives of these revered fathers are to us the golden links uniting us by their history with the past, — and by the inspiration of their example, the support of their approval, and the wisdom of their counsel, to an active and hopeful future, and hereafter to a glorious and triumphant revelation in the presence of the Anointed One, by whose commission we go forth to "preach the Gospel of peace and good-will to men."

In closing, permit me to offer to you, my beloved, and in a special sense, my *honored father* in the ministry, — to these other fathers and brethren, — to you, Mr. Chairman, — to this church and congregation, and to all assembled here to-day, — my most hearty congratulations upon this auspicious day and event, and to thank you, Sir, for the honor of being invited to speak on this occasion.

The next sentiment was, —

*Our Guests from Abroad:* Rindge extends a cordial welcome to those who honor the town and the occasion by their presence.

J. Russell Bradford, Esq., of Boston, was called upon to respond, and spoke as follows: —

#### ADDRESS OF J. RUSSELL BRADFORD, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT: — It appears to me, notwithstanding the request with which I have been honored, that it is hardly right for me to occupy a moment's time upon this platform. This is a day when the first church in Rindge calls her *children* home; when she says to those who, having been nourished and brought up in her bosom, but who in their youth or manhood, or womanhood, have gone forth to other scenes of joy or sorrow, "Return, come yet again and let us together hear and tell of former days, of our early recollections, pastimes, enjoyments, hopes, fears, trials, and sorrows." But in all these, Sir, a stranger intermeddleth not; therefore it is that I ought not to be heard to-day, for I came yesterday for the first time among you, an entire stranger, without even an acquaintance, excepting your honored Pastor and his family, who are, I am most happy to say, my friends. And yet, stranger though he be, no one can be with you to-day, participating



in its enjoyments, and listening as we have done to the address of your Pastor as he has recited "all the way in which the Lord has led you," without rejoicing with you in your joy, and sympathizing with you, to some extent at least, in many of the tender and hallowed recollections of the past. Most sincerely do I rejoice with you that your beloved Pastor is still spared in health; that he has been permitted to-day to tell of the mercies of the Lord, and to acknowledge the helping hand of God in all his ministry; and that, still pressing forward toward the prize of his high calling, he loves to invite you, with him, to run with patience the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus. And I also rejoice in the unanimity and Christian, brotherly love that has always prevailed among you and still continues; in your reverence for the good *old* truths, so precious to the fathers, in which you are strengthened, settled, established; in your love for your Pastor, who so well deserves your love; in the prosperity that attends you; in the success that has followed the efforts here put forth for the spread of the Gospel; and in the souls saved through the blessing of God upon the preaching of the Word. No one could have listened to the discourse of the morning without gratitude to God for His goodness and loving-kindness to you as a church and people, and none should ever forget the patient, faithful, self-denying labors of him who has, in season and out of season, for many years, ministered to you in holy things. It is an exceedingly rare thing, in these days especially, for one man to be united so long to one people, and it deserves to be commemorated as it is by you to-day. May it long be remembered as a season of joy and gladness, as a thanksgiving-day among you, and may the Lord continue to bless the dear Pastor and his people in all things.

Mr. Bradford's remarks concluded the exercises of the afternoon, and the audience adjourned until evening.



## EVENING.

At an early hour the Town Hall was again filled, and the exercises commenced with the singing of Windham by the whole congregation, led by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, who conducted the singing forty years ago that day at the ordination of Dr. Burnham.

The first sentiment of the evening was then read by the President.

*The Clergy and the War:* Always faithful to preach "Peace and good-will to men," they do not forget to enforce the text, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

This was responded to by Rev. J. S. Batchelder, of Jaffrey, N. H.

## ADDRESS OF REV. J. S. BATCHELDER.

MR. PRESIDENT:—It seems that I am the first to have an ambush sprung upon me this evening. The first intimation I had of this special duty was in being asked by the chairman a few moments since, "if I believed in fighting?" Yes, I do believe in fighting to preserve our government and free institutions from being trampled in the dust by rebellion and treason. I believe in fighting for the sake of PEACE.

While we who are appointed ministers of the Gospel are to preach peace, if so be wicked men force upon us the alternative of war or the death of our dear-bought freedom, then we cannot do otherwise than speak and pray for the sword.

For this occasion I would adopt Kossuth's translation of the angels' song, viz.: "Good-will on earth to men of peace."

I think that declaration, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," means, — They that take the sword *in an evil cause* shall fall by the sword they have invoked. We must remember to modify the doctrines of peace taught by Christ by that declaration, — "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword."

That which is a peace to the true is a sword to the false.

There is good reason why we ministers of New England should not shrink from this contest for American freedom. It comes from the blood that runs in our veins. We have an *ancestry*. Are we now to prove recreant to the old Puritan blood? Shall we forget Hampden and Sidney and Vane, and Miles Standish and his stern little band, and all those God-fearing old heroes who stepped upon the Plymouth rock, in the face of that sharp wintry blast, when

" The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches' tost " ?

Shall we hold back now, and make it true that the blood of our fathers was spilled on the ground in vain ?

Some of our friends are in the habit of accusing the New England ministers of having brought these troubles on the country. Very well ; admit it for the sake of the argument. What a compliment they are paying us ! They would make us to be the ruling power of the nation. This is far more honor than it would be modest in us to claim. But if bravely to oppose a wrong is to enrage those who uphold the wrong, we will accept the charge. If we have, by God's help, brought it to pass that this nation should not be bound hand and foot, and laid at the feet of the system of slavery, we glory in the accusation.

I do not believe that the ministers in general are in favor of any rash proclamation of emancipation ; but we mean to labor and pray that the power of slavery may be forever broken in America. Slavery is at the bottom of this war, and we must not blink the fact.

Let me say of our reverend father here, that we know he is "equal to the rebellion." I was delighted the other day, when I had the honor of an exchange with him, to learn that, as brother Marvin says, he had "shaken his fist" in *my* pulpit.

Perhaps he has not coveted the honor of "preaching politics" in past times. Well, "better late than never." We *now* welcome him to the ranks of true political preachers! At least he will preach politics as the old Quaker fought. He did not believe in war, but aiming a gun in the direction of a rebel, exclaimed as he pulled, — "Friend, thee unfortunately stands where I am just going to shoot!" There is no doubt that Dr. Burnham's gun went off in the direction of the rebels.

I cannot sit down, Mr. President, without an expression of my own personal feelings to our venerable father whom we to-day meet to honor. I shall always remember him as the one whose hands were laid on my head when I was consecrated to the ministry of Jesus. That consecrating prayer will ever live in my memory. There is one reason why I have loved him ever since I knew him, and that is, I felt that he had a *heart*; and in looking for the reasons why for forty years he has maintained an unbroken pastorate, I find them not only in his ability and faithfulness to the truth, but in the fact that you have found in him a sympathizing friend. While he has been a minister he has not forgotten that he was a man. Age has whitened his head, but his heart is still young. If it be a sin to smile, he has many such sins to answer for in us all! May he be responsible for many more such sins while God shall spare him to dwell among us.

Rev. S. W. Brown, of Rindge, then responded to the following sentiment:—

*The Clergy of New England:* From the landing of the Pilgrims to the present hour, faithful to their duties, their God, and their country; always on the side of civil and religious liberty, and loving peace so well that they are ready to fight for it.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. S. W. BROWN.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—One reason that the powers of nature make so little impression upon the mind, is that many of them are noiseless in their working, though capable of upheaving continents and submerging islands by their operation. The rill that penetrates the rocky fissures of the mountain-side is a feeble power. Yet when it has filled the cavity and congeals in winter, it suffices to lift the huge boulder from its bed. In the mountain showers and snows which percolate the upper strata until they reach the compact clay, and then flow away upon it, we have the source of those subterranean currents which shoot forth from the Artesian wells, sometimes more than a hundred feet in height; or burst forth like the Colorado or San Antonio, large streams at their very sources.

The coral insect, which builds its house and tomb of lime beneath the sea, is a tiny thing. But, though so insignificant, these zoöphytes form the substructure of those circular islands of the Pacific, large enough for a whole fleet to ride at anchor within their enclosed waters.

Like these workings of nature are the labors of a faithful Christian minister. Quietly he performs his round of duties. But his labors are often unappreciated, because they have never failed. We anticipate his weekly instructions and pastoral visits; we expect him to share

our joy at the baptismal font and the bridal altar ; we know he will be present with his sympathy in our chamber of sickness, and bring consolations to the house of mourning. The commonness of these blessings renders us insensible of their greatness. It is well, therefore, to commemorate in this public manner a day which reminds us of so great benefits.

Delilah said to Samson, " Tell me wherein thy great strength lieth, or wherewith thou mightest be bound to afflict thee." The discourse to-day has revealed the secret of our nation's power. It consists in the vitality of the Gospel truths as taught and exemplified by the clergy. As they have wrought in the preacher's own heart, they have made him the patron and friend of learning, as an element in human progress. Working in the national life, they have developed the individual, yet rendered him submissive to law ; making us the enigma of tyrants and the hope of the oppressed.

The teachings of Puritan clergymen made despotism impossible in England in 1640. They were germinant with liberty in this country in 1776. They are not less potent to-day, in nerving our people to crush out this most wicked and gigantic rebellion. The traitors deemed us bound hand and foot, when they had rendered bankrupt our treasury, stolen our arms, and dispersed our fleets. They knew not the genius and energy of a loyal people. They had never considered that men loving freedom, and animated by religion, would be so ready to present their bodies as a bulwark to the foe ; that a people animated by Puritan ideas would be mightier than fleets and armaments.

The Mieronesian Islanders when offered a compass as they were leaving home for the Sandwich Islands, a voyage of twelve hundred miles, replied, " We do not want it ; we have the compass in our heads." So these ideas of God and of liberty, for which we may thank the clergy, are like a



compass in the head. They follow our people in their wanderings, making the settlements of the wilderness but a miniature New England. Our citizens advance to battle, not fired by passion which will consume itself by its violence, but animated by a settled purpose, which shines in their faces and strengthens their arms, which makes them patient in labors, fearless in conflict, and merciful in victory. Their foes see this resolution in their countenances, and it is no wonder that they cry, We may as well attempt to shake Bunker Hill Monument as them.

Those Missourians who invaded Iowa, burned the church at Denmark, fired the academy, and declared they would hang Father Turner, the minister, if they could find him, showed a clear perception of the sinews of our strength. Before the rebels can hope to succeed, they must deprive us of the teachings and example of a Christian ministry; and this they can never do. God has here planted the Church and placed the ministry, not only for the salvation of our own nation, but that he may use our land as a seed-plot, from which the plants of righteousness may be transferred, to bless other nations of the earth.

The discourse to-day has shown us how the clergy are ready to make sacrifices for the cause of religion and education. We followed the speaker, as he showed how the Lord had helped him forty years in the ministry, and thirty-five in labor for the cause of education, and I trust we all felt that there was evidence of self-denial.

I do not think the time has come yet when the minister is required to fight for his principles, nor is it likely to while free men rush to the field by hundred thousands, to fight for the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws. While such a spirit animates the masses, liberty is safe. A Highlander of the New York 79th Regiment, who lost a limb at Bull Run, called upon Secretary Cameron, in New York City, and asked that he might be accepted to serve again upon crutches, as he was ready to part with his remaining



limb for his country. And at Ball's Bluff, the sick hastened from the hospitals, that they might share with their comrades in the glory of the engagement.

While such a spirit pervades our people, the clergy can be better employed even than in fighting for our liberties. When other defenders are wanting, I trust the clergy will be ready to fight.

Samuel L. Wilder, Esq., of Rindge, was next called upon to respond to the following sentiment:—

*The First Congregational Church in Rindge: In more senses than one founded upon a rock.*

#### ADDRESS OF SAMUEL L. WILDER, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT:—It is with no little hesitation that I rise to speak. The infirmities necessarily attendant upon advanced age remind me that the scenes of public life are for those whose heads are not so gray as mine. Yet I may be pardoned for saying a few words on an occasion which I have enjoyed with my whole heart.

In the Discourse to which we listened in the morning, we had given to us, and very properly too, all necessary statistics of the Society. But I would allude to the fact that it was the first organization of the kind in the State upon the voluntary principle. It was entered upon with much anxiety and with many misgivings on the part of the true friends of the cause in this place; but, with the blessing of God, the enterprise was crowned with success, and to-day we realize the fruits of that effort, and celebrate its continuance in all its original purity of faith and doctrine. The permanency of the ministry in this town has been remarkable, especially when compared with that of the neighboring towns. In all of these the changes have been frequent since the settlement of our present Pastor; and it

is not too much to say, that our own present prosperity, and the comparative freedom from untoward circumstances in times past, is in no small degree owing to the uninterrupted ministrations of the Gospel.

My recollections of the Rev. Dr. Payson, the predecessor of the present Pastor, are distinct. I sat under his ministry for more than twenty-five years, and can testify to his faithfulness and the deep interest he felt in the prosperity of his people, even to the last days of his life. I recall an interview had with him, not many months, and perhaps not many weeks, before his decease, and after he had become both physically and mentally disqualified to perform the duties of a Pastor.

It is known to this audience that Dr. Payson's mind was seriously affected for some time previous to his death. While in this state, I was often invited to ride with him, and upon one of these occasions we went upon horseback. After leaving his dooryard, some time elapsed without conversation. At length he broke the silence by saying, that he felt a degree of clearness of mind that morning, which had of late been unusual to him; and he wished to improve the opportunity to state his anxious desire that measures should be adopted, in some way, for continuing the ministrations of the Gospel to the people of his charge. This remark, and others bearing upon the same subject, which seemed to weigh upon his mind, were uttered with such solemnity, and with such a tone of deep feeling and desire, that, to my mind, they had the force of a fervent prayer to which he could take no denial. Was it not "the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man which availeth much"?

These desires have been realized, in that the ordinances of religion have been continued without interruption to the present hour; and from time to time we have experienced refreshings from God's presence, thus evincing that the Church in this place does indeed rest upon that sure foundation of which Jesus Christ himself is the chief corner-

stone, elect and precious. And will not our friends from abroad, present on this occasion, unite with us in invoking the blessing of God upon this Society, and in praying for the perpetuity of our religious institutions to the latest posterity?

I would earnestly exhort our own people to value more highly the blessings with which we are favored, not only for our individual good, but for the best welfare of the community in which we dwell. No permanent good can be secured without some sacrifice. We must count the cost, the labor to be expended, the sacrifices to be made. We should consider the shortness of life, and the rewards resulting from a life of obedience to the will of God.

Especially would I urge parents to train up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," so that when we fail, others may come forward to fill our places and give support to the ordinances of religion.

Rev. Z. S. Barstow, D. D., followed Mr. Wilder with the following remarks:—

I wish to testify, Sir, to the correctness of what Mr. Wilder has said in regard to Dr. Payson's great regard to the welfare of his people; and also to say that when I commenced my pastorate, I felt what a boon it was to be able to look to such a man for counsel, to receive him into my family, to hear his chastened wit and his profound theological remarks and admonitions. And if it would not be thought amiss, I would like here to say, that after the good Doctor's death, when spending a Sabbath in Rindge, I took from my pocket a copy of the *Christian Spectator*, then published at New Haven, and read the short obituary of Dr. Payson to his venerable widow. Putting her trumpet to her ear, she listened with marked attention, and occasionally suffusing her face with tears, while I read it. At the close, she said with much emphasis: "I wonder how they could know so much of my dear husband!"

The speaker did not attempt to enlighten her. Nor did he ever tell who wrote *that obituary, till this occasion!*

And, Sir, now I am up I wish to testify a word in regard to my brother, whose fortieth anniversary we now celebrate. I have been with him on many occasions and in seasons of great trial, and mingled my tears with him and his family in their afflictions, when death came up into their windows, and tore away *those promising and beloved daughters!* And I wish to testify that he *has always shown a commendable, lovely, and Christian spirit.*

Rev. W. L. Gaylord, of Fitzwilliam, said:—

Our reverend Pastor has spoken of his obligations, during his long pastorate, to those who have conducted the singing in the house of public worship. We are happy to acknowledge to-day our gratitude to the lady (Miss Julia E. Houston, of Boston) whose beautiful music has added so much to the interest of the present occasion. We offer, therefore, the following sentiment:—

*The sweet Singer from the Bay State:* We shall long remember the thrilling tones of her voice, as we have heard them in the sacred and patriotic songs which she has sung to-day. May the pleasure which she has contributed to this festal occasion be returned to her in tenfold measure.

Miss Houston responded to this sentiment with a song.

Rev. Mr. Copp, pastor of the Methodist Church in Rindge, being called upon by the President, spoke as follows.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. MR. COPP.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—What kind of a man have you here for a President? Since he this morning informed me that he should call me out on this occasion, I have re-

peatedly entreated him not to do so ; but all my entreaties have been in vain, and I am forced to come to the painful conclusion that he is a man of but little merey. Possibly a further acquaintance may lead me to a different conclusion. I never did, Sir, like speech-making ; and this is not the worst of it, I fear I never shall. There are individuals — quite likely they are present — who take a supreme delight in displaying their eloquence on all possible occasions, and would at any time go without a good dinner rather than lose the privilege of making a speech. But, unfortunately for myself perhaps, I do not belong to this class, and would go without half a dozen good dinners rather than be called upon for a speech. The Indians say, “ Old men for counsel and young men for war ” ; and if I mistake not, my mother used to say to me, when I was a little boy and became too talkative in the presence of older people, “ that *little folks* should be *seen* and not heard.” Now I am of this opinion to-night, and consequently my words shall be few.

This is the first time I have ever had an opportunity of attending a celebration of this kind, and, indeed, such celebrations are in these days very rare ; for, whether the change is for the better or worse, ministers of all denominations are now-a-days very migratory in their habits. Where one pastor remains over a flock forty or even twenty years, probably ten do not remain even five years. But, Sir, this occasion has been to me, and doubtless to all present, one of interest. I was pleased with the discourse to which we listened this morning, and which was prepared, no doubt, at the expense of much time and labor.

The addresses, also, to which we listened this afternoon were excellent ; and, Sir, permit me to say further, that the refreshments so bountifully provided by the ladies for this occasion were *equally* excellent. I think it may safely be said that in the furnishing of a table the good ladies of Rindge are not to be surpassed. I said I was pleased with



the discourse this morning. I was not only pleased, but I felt that I could heartily indorse what was said concerning the general good character of the people of this town. I am, to be sure, a comparative stranger among this people, yet I have been here long enough to learn that there are many warm and liberal hearts in Rindge. As I have visited among the people I have sometimes, when it has been convenient, called upon families belonging to Dr. Burnham's congregation; and the warm shake of the hand and the smiling faces with which I have everywhere been met, have been as sunshine in my pathway. The union of feeling which exists between the two Societies in this place has done very much toward making the few months I have spent here pleasant months both to me and mine. The kindness and sympathy manifested in my behalf, by the people of Dr. Burnham's congregation as well as by my own people, during the recent severe sickness in my family, I shall not soon forget.

The aged Pastor whom we have this day assembled to honor, by the kindness and respect he has invariable shown me, has also won my esteem. Indeed, what my predecessor said to me concerning him, I can to-night say, "He has been to me as a father." May Heaven bless him and his, and may he for ten years to come be able to go in and out before his people to break to them the bread of life, so that on the fourteenth of November, 1871, he may in this place be honored with a semi-centennial celebration.

The following original Hymn, written by W. F. Somerby, Esq., was then read.

#### H Y M N .

"Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery."

GENTLY sweep the tuneful lyre ;

Let each heart be full of praise ;

Union of our souls inspire !

Each with love your voices raise.



Harps of hallowed numbers bring,  
 Chiming with the timbrel's strain;  
 God of Love, to thee we sing,  
 Thus renew our love again.

Shepherd of this social fold,  
 Twoscore years thy prayer hath been,  
 That the love which is untold,  
 Should redeem us all from sin ;

That the life of each should be  
 Pure as the example set  
 By our Lord of Calvary,  
 Healer of Genesaret.

Mem'ry, with its spirit chain,  
 Links us to companions dear,  
 Who, too pure for earth's domain,  
 Passed to heaven's more genial sphere.

Little tufts of faded earth  
 Mark the spots their caskets hold,  
 But their spirits' second birth  
 Blooms like roses o'er the mould.

As the sun illumines each day,  
 As the stars adorn the night,  
 Purer shine, O genial ray  
 Of a union still more bright !

Met as one, in mind and heart,  
 Welcome at our festive shrine ;  
 Strike the timbrel ere we part,  
 To the praise of All Divine !

While the nation wars for right,  
 And her battle bugles ring,  
 And our star-filled emblem bright,  
 Waves for freedom while we sing ;

Peaceful with our pastor raise  
 Song and prayer ; our land shall be  
 Through all time the theme of praise, —  
 Home of peace and liberty !

Letters were then read from various gentlemen who were unable to be present, after which the President called upon Mr. Samuel Burnham, of Boston, son of the Pastor, to address the meeting.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. SAMUEL BURNHAM.

MR. PRESIDENT: — Remarks from me seem superfluous, after the many excellent addresses to which we have listened during the day and evening; and following in the wake of the large vessels which have ploughed their way over this sea of talk, my little canoe is in danger of swamping.

The gentleman who immediately preceded me (Rev. Mr. Copp) referred to an adage concerning "little folks," which applies with equal force to me, or, as some one has given it in a rhyme which occurs to me at the instant: —

"One word of self, if you will please excuse,  
There was a phrase my mother oft did use,  
The pith of which, if not the very word,  
Was, '*Little folks be seen, but seldom heard!*'  
Now, of the many things I failed to do,  
One most important was, I never grew  
To manly stature, and mamma's old adage  
Holds just as true as when I, at that bad age,  
Could never learn fully to realize  
That many persons pass for wondrous wise,  
As mighty men, and men of great ability,  
By merely bridling tongues from volubility."

Or still again, a moral can be drawn from Holmes's couplet: —

"Long metre answers for a common song,  
Though common metre does not answer long."

But, Sir, as in times past, I have never declined speaking in and for my native town, or, as a clergyman of this

vicinity once said, "*in the place of my former nativity*," so now I gladly accept your invitation, so far as to say that I never was so proud of old Rindge as to-day. And this I say with the warmest impulses of my heart. Proud of my native town, of its people, of its Pastor (even though he is my father), of the fame of those who have gone out from us, of the intelligence, enterprise, and thrift of those who remain, of the exercises of to-day, and of the honorable record of the past to which we have listened; — proud of all these, and of a thousand other things which come welling up in the soul as the long line of years tells its tale of the past. I rejoice to stand before a Rindge audience, and tell them, as a son of the town, that my affection for the "old homestead" was never so strong as to-day; that to-day new ties of love have been formed, and the old ones all strengthened.

From my earliest recollections, even from the time when I was smaller than now, (and I *can* remember that "day of small things!") I have loved my native town. Thus taught in my childhood, and with nothing but pleasant associations connected with all the people, with many ties to bind my heart here, absence diminishes not my love, and, like a tired bird, I often am glad to return to the old nest for shelter and repose. Your hills and valleys, rocks and streams, the beautiful ponds that make your landscape so charming, the noble mountains on every side, I know them all, and year by year as I return, they seem to possess new attractions. From the "Prophet's Chamber," in the old Payson mansion, full many an hour have I gazed on that landscape of unsurpassed beauty which stretches off to the distant horizon; familiar indeed to you, but which I claim to love with a deeper love, as I can see it only at long intervals. Sitting in that ancient chair in which Dr. Payson once wrote his sermons, and in the very room where, surrounded by the minds of the great dead, he studied and prayed, I have looked out into the far

North, away, away into the distance, where the faint outline of the mountain ranges seemed blending into the pale blue of that far-off sky, until the eye grew dim with seeing, and the soul had more than its fulness of beauty. How that landscape stretches on and away with long ranges of billowy hills, and intervening valleys, the streams glistening like silvery threads, the white villages smiling in the sunlight, the lakes sleeping quietly in the shadows of the dark forests; on and on stretches the glorious scene, and grander and grander rise heavenward the blue mountains, until, scores of miles away, Kearsarge, and a long range of pale blue hills, form as if a boundary-line between the present and the future. And Monadnock, noble in its isolated grandeur, rises skyward, our pride and our admiration; and from whose summit,

“ The beauty and the majesty of earth,  
 Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget  
 The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,  
 The haunts of men below thee, and around  
 The mountain summits, thy expanding heart  
 Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world  
 To which thou art translated, and partake  
 The enlargement of thy vision.”

And from the eminence just west of us, what a scene of beauty is spread out, — a landscape famous through all the region !

“ The hills,  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
 The venerable woods, — rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green ” ;

the lake that rests at the foot of Monadnock ; the villages that sit on the sunny slopes, — all unite to complete this picture, the loveliest of all ! Yes, all these I know, all these I love !

But I was not to make an address. We who follow the pen, — we who endeavor with a modicum of brains to secure the requisite amount of “bread and butter,” — we “literary men,” — are not speech-makers. “We literary men,” did I say? It is told of a young unmarried clergyman in the vicinity of Boston, that “once on a time” he gave an address before a Maternal Association, and, becoming warmed with his subject, he astonished his hearers by commencing an impassioned sentence with, “*We who are mothers*”! Perhaps my *lapsus linguæ* is not quite so inappropriate; yet those who spend their time, pen in hand, endeavoring to catch and “fix” stray ideas, whether “literary men” or not, are out of their proper sphere when upon the platform. “We” who are acquainted with such matters feel the awkwardness of the position, and can pick some grains of comfort from an anecdote told of a New Hampshire clergyman of “ye olden time.”

It is well known to this audience, and especially to the clergymen upon this platform, that, many years ago, all Southern New Hampshire was kept on a broad grin by the jokes, whims, and oddities of a few celebrated clerical wits. Anecdotes of Ainsworth, of Sprague, (the identical man who did, in fact, pull his beans and re-set them, because he supposed they were coming up the wrong way!) of Miles, of Payson, and others, will never die. Some one behind me adds the name of Sabin. Thanks for the suggestion, as he is one whom I remember. Recollections of my earliest childhood bring to mind his bended head, and his long brown surtout; and I never hear his name without recalling a little incident characteristic of the man, and in relating it I trust I shall not lose sight of the anecdote I started upon some sentences back.

It was in the old church; and Mr. Sabin, with whom father had “exchanged” that Sabbath, had been reading a hymn, and it was a very long one. After reading it through, he looked calmly at it some time, and then,

slowly raising his head, looked at the choir as calmly ; again he looked at the hymn, and again to the choir, and remarked, "*Well, I guess you may sing the whole of it ; you had rather sing than hear the old man preach*" !

But to the other incident, whose practical and personal application, like to that of a sermon, comes at the close, or just after " Finally."

It is told of one of these ministers, that, before studying for the clerical profession, he had given some attention to medicine ; and he lost no opportunity for displaying his medical knowledge, thus driving a double team of theology and medicine whenever occasion offered. One Sabbath, a request for prayers for a sick woman was sent to the pulpit, as was customary at that time, and is now in many country places. This was an opportunity for displaying his medical knowledge not to be lost sight of, and his request was worded after this style : " We pray thee, O Lord, that this woman, thy servant, may recover, if it be thy will, *although we who are acquainted with medical matters know that she cannot*" !

Mr. President, " we who are acquainted with medical matters," or, in this instance, " we literary men," feel that we must be known by the pen rather than the tongue, — that platform-speaking is not our vocation. It was not my intention to make an address, — only to assure you, Sir, and all present, of the great enjoyment I have taken in all the exercises of the day ; of the great pleasure it gives me to be here, and to be one of your number ; and of my heartiest wishes for the continued happiness and prosperity of all gathered within these walls.

The President then announced the following sentiment : —

*We honor the good women of olden time, and rejoice that they have worthy successors in their daughters.*

Rev. A. P. Marvin, of Winchendon, responded.



## ADDRESS OF REV. A. P. MARVIN.

MR. PRESIDENT : — It clearly belongs to another gentleman to respond to this sentiment, rather than to me. Has he not told us this afternoon how devotional he used to be in his early days in church — on the Sabbath — during prayer-time, especially when he ventured to look out of one eye at the prettiest girl in the meeting-house ? But as the duty has been assigned to me I will say a few words, since the sentiment is so true and so well-deserved.

We honor the good women of the “olden time,” — of Puritan and Revolutionary days. Dr. Beecher once said, that if he were invited to give an oration on the 4th of July, he should celebrate the virtues of the “foremothers,” instead of the forefathers. The latter, he said, had monopolized all the glory of our heroic age, although their mothers, wives, and daughters had endured quite as much, and evinced at least equal piety and heroism, in subduing the wilderness, and securing our national independence. This is unquestionably true ; for though woman is not summoned into the field, nor exposed to the hardships of the camp and the mortal strife of the field of battle, yet she is called to self-denial, to sorrow, to anxiety, to the long agony of bereavement, when she learns that the idols of her heart will never return to behold home and friends and native land again. Our mothers deserve honor, and they shall receive the tribute of grateful admiration from our hearts.

But, Sir, it is our double felicity to have worthy successors to them in their daughters. Passing events, which call into exercise not only the patriotism of the men, but the self-denial of the women, give them an opportunity to show their devotion to their country and their love of freedom ; and most nobly have they responded to the call. Some appear to be surprised at this, as if they supposed all the heroic and noble in woman had died out in a former

generation. These persons, unlike your respected minister, who keeps abreast of the times, and sees good in the present as well as in the past, resemble the Roman poet's *laudatores temporis acti*, and always tell us that we have degenerated from our ancestors. Nothing is so good now as when they were young. Even the girls are not so pretty as in the days of their boyhood. [Here some one said, "That is so."] Well, Mr. President, as to that, I am inclined to think that the girls never were so pretty as about sixteen or eighteen years ago; though those now coming forward are promising. But as I was saying, Sir, this war gives an occasion for the women of our land to vindicate their claims to historic renown, and they are not found wanting. No one who is familiar with the moving forces of society ever doubted this. It is true, we have some "Miss Flora McFlimseys," who, tottering along under a load of silks, satins, furs, and jewelry, can only sigh out, "Nothing to wear"; but these pampered butterflies of fashion are comparatively few. Our countrywomen are making manifest their blood, their training, their spirit. They are not called into the "imminent deadly breach"; they are not called to endure such hardships as were common in the Revolution, because the land is full of riches. Yet they are busy in all our towns, villages, and cities, working for the benefit of the soldiers. And what is more, they are ready to part with husband, brother, son, and friend, when they go forth to the field of blood. Even the delicate maiden will bind the sword on the ruddy youth, who is so dear to her that she can hardly bear to have him out of her sight, and bid him "God-speed" to the war. This is a most surprising spectacle. A whole people have sprung to arms, as one man, and all are moving as under one impulse. Men, women, and children are swayed by one feeling; and I am amazed at this grand uprising, which has no parallel in all history. It seems as if our people were moved by the inspiration of the Almighty.

And I verily believe this is His contest, and that He is sending forth our men in such numbers for the purpose of settling forever for this country and for the people of all countries the question of free government. In this wicked revolt, which is a war of anarchy against authority, of rebellion against good government, of slavery against freedom, of despotism against civil liberty, and of a religion of caste and prejudice against the religion of Jesus Christ, — the Lord of hosts, I cannot doubt, is on our side. And in this awful struggle we have the support of the daughters, as our fathers were cheered and animated by the mothers in the “brave days of old.”

There are, however, other labors and other scenes besides those connected with war, which call out the sympathy and the active support of woman. These spheres of activity demand quite as much of self-denial, of piety, and of endurance as those which are more celebrated in history. Every minister knows to what I refer, and therefore I am speaking of what is pertinent to this occasion. Very much of the power of the ministry and of the Church for good depends upon the devotedness of the female members. Even the pecuniary support is supplied by them to a considerable extent. I know it is sometimes said, that it is of no use to ask women to give, for it all comes out of the husband's pocket. But how does it get into his pocket? Suppose he should keep house for himself; that he should be destitute of the steadying influence of home, — how much would he have to give? But this is not the main point. The moral and religious influence of woman in society is indispensable. She brings forward the young, and inclines them, with the blessing of God, to walk in the way of life. She encourages the minister in times of darkness, when the “ways of Zion mourn because so few come to her solemn feasts.” It is by her prayers that blessings are called down from heaven upon his soul. No man can come before an audience week after week, and preach unwelcome truths,

unless he is projected forward by some force from without. It is easy to speak before a lyceum, where all have come to be pleased. It is pleasant to address a crowd of political sympathizers, where every sentence will be applauded. But it is entirely different in preaching the plain, humbling doctrines of the Gospel to those who are unwilling to be told of their guilt and danger. What can induce a man to be faithful in the utterance of such truth? Nothing but the influence of the Holy Spirit. And this influence comes in answer to prayer. And it is by prayer that the sisters of the Church do so much to uphold the minister's hands and strengthen his heart.

And here it will not be out of place to say, that there is another class of women who do much to promote the usefulness of ministers, as well as to secure the permanency of their settlement; I refer, of course, to the wives of the clergy. One who is intelligent, prudent, pious, free from worldly ambition and the love of change, and who besides knows how to make home pleasant, does much not only to keep a man in the same place, but to keep him alive, and to make him useful while he does live. In this regard, I believe that the ministry have been generally fortunate; or rather, as a prudent wife is from the Lord, I ought rather to say that they have been the favorites of Heaven. And while my acquaintance with the wives of the younger clergy in this vicinity would prompt me to say, "Many daughters have done virtuously," I am quite sure they would all justify me in turning to the respected wife of your honored guest to-day, and in view of her larger experience in all the sorrows and joys of home, by which the blossoms of youth have been ripened into the fruits of mature Christian womanhood, and saying, "But thou excellest them all." This occasion unseals my lips, and I am glad of the opportunity to utter what else might remain unspoken. For ever since my first meeting with her, some seventeen years since, when she gave me an account of the departure

of those sainted daughters, — one of whom went before as a happy pioneer, and then seemed to return and become visible, through the parted veil which divides eternity from time, to her who was ready to follow, — who had for so many years filled the parsonage with gladness, and caused the hearts of parents to dance with joy ; ever since then, I repeat, all my thoughts of her have been redolent of that first interview. That bereavement was a great grief, but it was attended with a sacred joy, and left its permanent stamp on the soul. And this reminds me of the power of mothers to lead their children to the Saviour, and so to heaven. In a recent popular and much admired work, an unhappy mother is made to exclaim : “ O, my wedding-day ! Why did they rejoice ? Brides should wear mourning ; the bells should toll for every wedding ; every new family is built over this awful pit of despair, and only one in a thousand escapes.” This is all wrong. Every bride should rejoice. Let the bells ring a merry peal, for Christ has provided for the salvation of every child, if the mother will give them up to him, and train them for his service. He will take them in his arms and bless them. And so every Christian mother, whether wife or widow, whether married or alone, like the good old Christiana of the Pilgrim, can take all her flock with her up the strait but shining way that leads to heaven.

The next sentiment was :

*The present delightful occasion* : Fraught with deep interest, as furnishing opportunity for friendly reunion, — too pure and elevating in its influence to find full expression in the language of earth, — may it be but a foretaste of the blessed reunion and fellowship of kindred spirits above, whose triumphant and holy joys shall find perfect expression in the dialect of heaven.

J. Russell Bradford, Esq., of Boston, was called upon to respond.



## ADDRESS OF J. R. BRADFORD, ESQ.

Permit me, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, to say a few words in response to the sentiment just read. Surely that sentiment merits a great deal of thought, although at this hour but very little of our time can be given to it. The question must, it seems to me, have often arisen in our minds to-day, Why are we so happy here? Why is this a day of such pure and unalloyed enjoyment, notwithstanding the thoughts of sadness that must have occasionally crossed the hearts of nearly all present? Why do we weep when others weep, while we rejoice with exceeding joy and feel that our hearts are full of sympathetic emotion and fraternal love? Our beloved friend, your Pastor, struck the key-note this morning in leading us to feel that, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and not only hitherto, but now it is the Lord,—the Lord, His goodness, His love, that visits us to day, and causeth us to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. In what other assemblage of people can there be found such perfect satisfaction, not only at the time, but when afterwards we look back upon it, as when Christians meet together to recount "the mercies of God in all the way in which he has led them," or "to pray, and praise, and to hear his word"? In such meetings, and in such alone, where God is honored, adored, acknowledged as all in all, and loved, though so imperfectly, is there any approach to the perfect happiness of heaven. And if the communion of saints here on earth, where so much of sin mingles with our best service, gives us such peaceful joy that sometimes we can almost say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," what must the bliss of heaven be? What is it to meet *there* with all the ransomed of the Lord, in the immediate presence of Him who sitteth upon the throne, beholding all its glories, and, having cast our crowns at his feet and joining in the everlasting anthem of "Worthy is the Lamb,"



we sit down to go no more out forever, telling each other of the loving-kindness of God, as manifested to our once lost, but ransomed souls? Let us, then, remembering all the happiness of this day, cultivate more and more the social element of our faith, that all our earthly enjoyments may be increased, while we look away in joyful anticipation and hope to that assembling of the friends of Christ that shall continue forever. The Gospel, glad tidings of great joy, is to be preached to all nations; because it tells to a sinful world of happiness in Christ Jesus, who came to save all who will believe in him; and, thanks be to God! it is not these honored ministers alone who are privileged to go forth and tell the joyful message, but all of us, every one here is invited, — nay, commanded, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, and this in order that every one may be an instrument in the hand of God in leading souls to heaven. Praising him for the promise, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,” let us go forward, earnestly desiring to do something more for our Lord.

But, Mr. President, I cannot dwell longer upon this theme, pleasant though it be. I have now a duty to perform, and a very pleasant one. We who are your guests to-day have found it very good to be here. We have had our heart’s desire of enjoyment, and we would not leave you without giving our tribute of thanks to those who have so effectually ministered to this pleasure. In obedience to the suggestion of others, as well as to the dictate of my own heart, I desire, in behalf of your visitors, to thank the members of this Church and Society most heartily. For the open door of your dwellings, the cordial grasp of the hand, the hearty “Glad to see you!” and the privileges of bowing at your family altars, which has made us feel at home while partaking of the bountiful hospitality of your homes, we thank you. We cannot in words thank the dear Pastor of this flock for his address of the morn-

ing; but, often as we think of that acknowledgment of the mercies of God, often as we call to mind that Scripture, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," so often will our hearts thank him for his bright and patient example of faithful labor as an ambassâdor for Christ in the ministry of the Gospel. To those who with their melodious voices led us in the service of song, and with whom we were permitted to unite in praise, making melody in our hearts, we also offer our thanks. And, not only to these, for, Mr. President, although in an assemblage of this kind, people very often forget their obligation to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day of preparation, *we* cannot forget *them*, for a large share of our enjoyment is the result of the able, judicious, and orderly manner in which they have prepared and brought before us the exercises and festivities of this occasion. Therefore, to you, Sir, and to all who have been associated with you in the preliminary arrangements, so various, and so promptly and happily performed, are our thanks most justly due, and we heartily offer them.

And once more. To the ladies. What can we ever do without them? From the hour of our birth to that of our death, we are continually dependent upon their kind offices. I was most happy to hear, and do cordially unite in all that has just been so fitly spoken of woman; and let me add one word to it. No man with an honest heart ever speaks lightly or sneeringly of woman. To-day the handiwork of the ladies has been most clearly seen, being discerned by the things they have made, and for the generous collation so bountifully provided, so tastefully arranged and set before us, the product and the proof of their skill and energy, we do most sincerely offer our service of thanks.

The President then announced as the last sentiment:—

*Our Reverend Pastor:* In the true succession of the

prophets, forty years the leader of God's chosen people. Far distant be the day when all Israel shall be gathered together to mourn for him.

Rev. A. W. Burnham, D.D., the Pastor, responded to this sentiment in the following words.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. A. W. BURNHAM, D. D.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I supposed that I had fulfilled my part in the public exercises of this day, but I am now informed that the proprieties of the occasion demand some remarks from me.

But, in the circumstances, I can only express my hearty thanks, first, to my own beloved people, for their appointment of this public observance of the fortieth anniversary of my ministry among them.

Contrary to some anxieties that were felt, the effort has been perfectly successful; and I knew the people too well to allow myself to entertain any apprehension of a failure.

I appreciate the liberality, the admirable order, the good taste, so manifest in the general arrangements, and the care and *hard work* to which the committees and others have necessarily but cheerfully submitted in making all the provisions for the day and the evening.

Next, in behalf of the people and for myself, I tender to my brethren in the ministry, and to other visitors from abroad, our grateful acknowledgments for their presence, and the essential aid they have rendered to the interest and enjoyments of this delightful occasion.

But I must, in all honesty, disclaim all title to the unexpected commendations expressed in my behalf by my brethren, and others, to whose remarks we have listened with so much satisfaction.

While I am encouraged by this expression of their approval, yet I must and do, here and now, repeat my

acknowledgment of entire indebtedness to "help obtained of God"; and to Him alone is due the glory, now and forever. Amen.

The exercises of the evening were closed by the singing of America by the audience, and the Benediction by the Pastor.









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